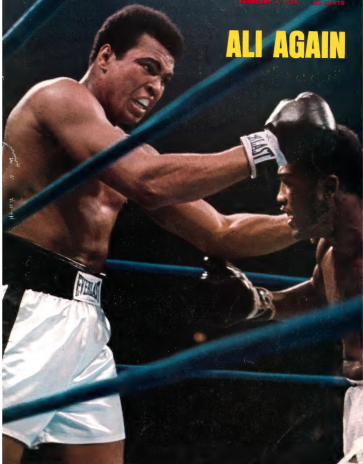


Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 4, 1974 60 CENTS

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"I've sold a couple friends on the car just letting them drive it." Richard Pearce, M.D.



Richard C. Pearce, physician from Allentown, Pennsylvania, diagnoses some of his feelings about Cadillac ownership.

"We do quite a bit of traveling, so I was interested in Cadillac mainly for comfort. The prestige never really entered into it. It was a matter of what I liked and what I needed. Styling is important. But comfort on the road is the most important thing.

"For instance, we do a lot of skiing up at Stowe, Vermont . . . that's about six and a half to seven hours of driving. And with four people along, Cadillac sure makes a difference.

"My present car—an Eldorado Coupe—is the third Cadillac I've had. I especially like the front-wheel drive and the traction it provides on snow.

"Service has been very good. If I had any gripes, I'd say so. But so far, the only servicing I've had on my Eldorado has been wheel balancing and inspections and things like that."

Asked what advice he'd give to a friend considering a Cadillac, the doctor replied, "I'd tell him he should ride in one first. As a matter of fact, this has happened. I've sold a couple friends on the car just letting them drive it.

"I think if you can afford it, Cadillac is a car for any age."

Cadillac



Cadillac Motor Car Division

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WHEN WERE YOU LAST REALLY FIT?

AN EXPERT TELLS YOU HOW TO GET BACK IN SHAPE.

Even if you're not particularly interested in building human muscles, you owe it to yourself to keep your body fit. It's a sad fact of today's life that many men ignore this point and end up regretting it when they find they've become "old men" long before their time. Thanks to modern exercising techniques, "keeping fit" is now easier than ever. John Tesler, Mr. France and leading fitness specialist tells you how.

Q. What does fitness mean?

A. For normally healthy people, fitness is a simple matter of maintaining muscle tone through exercise. In other words—using your muscles often enough and hard enough to keep them healthy and tonal.

Q. How does lack of fitness show up?

A. The answer depends on how old you are. If you're still in your thirties or early twenties, it's largely a matter of physical development. Young men with pectoral arms, curled-in chests, drooping shoulders or bird-like hips aren't fit. When you're a little older the first signs are usually a roll of fat around the middle and a lack of pep and energy. After 40, the whole body tends to become flabby.

Q. Can sports keep me fit?

A. Yes, indeed, if practiced regularly and for long enough periods. Swimming, jogging, gymnasiums, tennis, handball, squash, skiing can all help keep you in top condition provided you practice the sport for at least an hour three or four days a week—every week.

Q. Just there an easier way?

A. Yes, there's an outstanding home training method which I use and recommend. It's fast, easy and guaranteed to give results.

Q. What's it called?

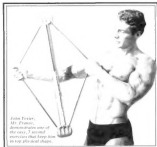
A. Bullworker training. It's based on isometric techniques which have been proven to increase strength three times faster than sports or conventional calisthenics. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system on the market today.

Q. How long does it take?

A. The 15-minute introductory program requires only 30 seconds of exercise per day. The complete advanced training program takes about 5 minutes.

Q. When do the results start?

A. Right from the very first day. The Bullworker is fitted with a built-in measuring device which shows you exactly how much progress you make every day. And the results can be very impressive—up to 1/2" more strength



John Tesler, Mr. France, demonstrates one of the easy, 3 second exercises that keep him in top physical shape.

per week, up to 30% improvement in the first three months. I've seen many men go on to double and even triple their strength.

Q. How long does it take to see results?

A. From 10 days to three weeks depending on how well you train and how regularly. Each new week brings even more impressive results.

Built-in Powermeter

You can actually measure your musclepower 9-10 weeks from the very first day.



Q. But it's hard work, isn't it?

A. Not at all. The whole point of isometrics is that by "exercising" for only 1 second at a time, you avoid the cramps, muscle strain and fatigue of "cardio" training programs which often do more harm than good. Bullworker training is guided on each user's personal potential.

Q. Is there an age limit?

A. Generally speaking, men between 15 and 65 in good gen-

eral health can expect to benefit from fitness and strength building training. Young men should use Bullworker to improve their muscular development: broad, powerful shoulders—rippling biceps—a deep, manly chest tapering down to a slim waist and legs supported by muscular, contoured thighs and calves.

Men in their thirties should use Bullworker to maintain peak physical form and for toning-up the muscles of their abdomen, chest, shoulders and upper arms. After 2 or 3 weeks you'll probably see muscles you didn't even know you had.

From 45 on, Bullworker should be used to regain and maintain a youthful vigorous body that belies the passing years. I've seen lots of Bullworker users in their thirties with more energy, power, and vigor than many younger men.

Q. How can I find out more about the Bullworker and perhaps actually try it out?

A. I understand that the American distributor is now offering the Bullworker on a two-week free home trial basis in order to give as many men as possible a chance to prove to themselves what an outstanding fitness trainer it is. If you're interested in getting back into shape fast, I recommend you contact the distributor for full details.

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John Fellen shows how he increased his thighs by 2", lifted his chest by 4", his thighs by 1 1/2" in just a few weeks of Bullworker training.





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Next week

HAPPY DRAFTERS are the collegians who will reap the real spoils of pro football's newest war. But for the Establishment the player draft holds little more than false hopes.

ANOTHER TEXAS BEN is playing with Hogan ferocity, but this one is boyish, smiling and mad. A look at Ben Crockett, who in his brief pro career has a win and two seconds.

WALL STREET may no longer be bullish on America, but down in Texas is a rider who is riding high on an outlaw, or every kind that runs all kinds of Cain on the rodeo circuit.



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREMER

ADVANTAGE IN

The tangled web that tennis weaves (page 22) is increasingly confusing to a public already befuddled by the incessant wars among an alphabet soup of organizations: ILTF, USLTA, WCT, WTT, *et al.* *nononon.* The latest move, World Championship Tennis' declaration of independence from U.S. Lawn Tennis Association authority, seemed likely to set off another debilitating struggle between pro tennis and the national and international associations that traditionally have been the ultimate rulers of the game. So everyone wanted as the International Lawn Tennis Federation met in London last weekend, just after Lamar Hunt made his announcement about the WCT going its own way. Curiously, and perhaps happily, no strands of belligerence emerged. Maybe, then, this is the true dawn of peace in tennis. Maybe authority will be divided once and for all along the lines that golf has followed so successfully. That is, the professionals will run their own game, and the old associations will run Wimbledon and Forest Hills (akin to the British and U.S. Opens in golf), along with junior development programs and a lot of amateur tournaments. Which is the way it should be.

If not, tennis will be in danger of losing the widespread popularity it has recently come to command. Fans like billions (expressed such as Wimbledon and Forest Hills, but they also like to see the stars of the game playing on these prestigious occasions.

DIMINISHING SUPPORT

Even though the Oakland A's all speak highly of Dick Williams, star Pitcher Jim (Catfish) Hunter does not want him to return as manager, unlikely as that prospect is, Hunter says. "I've come to the conclusion that we'll be better off in 1974 without Williams. All of us loved playing for him, but he has made a decision that he does not want to manage us. Now if, by some strange fate, he were to come back and manage us, I think it would

hurt. How can you play for a man who does not want to be your manager?"

"He doesn't want us, so we shouldn't want him."

KANSAS CITY: UP TO DATE

A counterpoint to the current chorus of antistadium sentiment (new stadiums are too expensive, too much of a tax burden, not really needed) is the voice of Joe McGuff, sports editor of the *Kansas City Star*. "I've become a city watcher in this job," he says, "and I like to compare my town with others. What I saw in the 1950s and '60s didn't please me. Kansas City was standing still. Forward-looking cities were accomplishing so much more, while Kansas City stagnated.

"That's not true anymore. We've got a vibrant, improving city, and you can ask anybody in our town and they'll tell you it all stems back to 1967, when we paved the bond issue that included the Harry S. Truman Sports Complex, with its stadiums for football and baseball.

"These were general obligation bonds, backed by public funds, and they had to pass by a two-thirds majority. There was some very vocal opposition, but enough support developed to just barely push it over the top. The next thing to pass was the Kerner Arena. This opens next fall, for pro basketball and pro hockey. And last December a bond issue was passed to build a convention center.

"These things, the sports complex, the arena and the convention center—are attracting hundreds of millions of dollars in new, privately financed business. The town is coming alive again. We're no longer in danger of falling to second-class status, which was certainly where we were headed. The stadiums cost \$71 million, the arena \$18 million, the convention center \$30 million. A lot of public funds were committed, but I don't know anybody who wouldn't do the whole thing over, now that we've seen the results.

"Critics make the mistake of opposing sports facilities because they won't pay

for themselves. Certainly they won't, but if you expect payment in dollars and cents on their own ledgers. What you have to consider is what they do for the entire community."

LUCK IS A LADY

A British psychologist has advice for male gamblers. Take a lady along. Dr. Julian Tynner discovered during research at Monte Carlo that men who gambled with female companions at their side were three times as lucky as men who gambled alone. He obtained similar results at casinos in Great Britain and West Germany, and at Las Vegas (he found that men-only gambling clubs showed a 450% higher rate of profit than clubs that catered to a mixed audience. When one all-male club in Las Vegas switched to a mixed clientele, Dr. Tynner claims, revenues fell more than \$600,000 in three weeks and the club had to rush back to its former status.

While it is hard to believe that any Vegas gambling hole ever lost money doing anything, it's fun to listen to the doctor. "It's the highly concentrated ethos of a casino," he says, "a woman gets a flash of what the immediate future holds in



terms of what a winning number will be. Sometimes a wife will tell her husband what numbers to play. In other cases, she will merely glance at him and transmit it by thought transference."

One can imagine the dialogue after a losing play, particularly for couples who rely on the glance system.

"Why did you bet on 27?"

continued

"Didn't you glance 27?"

"No, I didn't! I glanced 23. If you'd pay a little attention to me instead of that blonde over there, you might win once in a while."

NEXT QUESTION

Loyola of Chicago plays its basketball games in ancient Alumni Gymnasium, which seats fewer than 3,000 people. Coach George Ireland, who guided Loyola to the NCAA championship in 1963, looked enviously at the gleaming new sports building that Marshall University has on its campus at Huntington, W. Va. "I sent my president a picture of their new gym," Ireland says, "and I wrote on it, 'Isn't money something?'"

"My president wrote back, 'Money is the root of all evil.'"

WRONG BITE

One of the pleasanter traditions in sport—the postgame handshake at center ice between the players of rival hockey teams—has been hailed by high school hockey leagues in Rhode Island. The supposedly sportsmanlike gesture was leading to ratty words and occasional fights. The Rev. Robert C. Newbold, executive secretary of the Rhode Island Principals' Committee on Athletics, said, "Officials strongly recommended dropping it. We agreed. It was too artificial to have real meaning, and it presented a constant threat of serious explosion. Hockey has so much contact that the atmosphere can be incendiary right after a game."

Tom Eccleson, president of the Rhode Island Hockey Coaches' Association, said, "I'm not opposed to handshaking if it's a genuine and spontaneous thing between opponents who have real admiration for each other. But the ritual we've had is phony, and it is so dangerous that I won't let any players do it if I believe the other team is not under control."

One of the few coaches who wanted the tradition continued is Lou Cimini of LaSalle High School in Providence, whose son was punched during a handshaking ritual a few years ago.

"I was very upset when that happened," Cimini said, "but why condemn something basically good because of one bad incident? For a team to behave properly during handshaking is simply a demonstration of discipline, which we coaches should teach."

Perhaps the trouble is caused by the use of the ceremony after all games. In

the National Hockey League the tradition is followed only after the last game of each Stanley Cup playoff series. Going through the handshake after every game is parallel to the unfortunate practice of playing the national anthem before every sporting event. Something that should have special significance becomes meaningless ritual.

MEETLESS MEET

Allegheny College had a swim meet scheduled with Kenyon College. Some of the Allegheny swimmers were hit with 24-hour virus. They recovered quickly enough, but Coach Sam Freas did not want to subject them to the 190-mile bus trip from Meadville, Pa. to Gambier, Ohio. Still, he did not want to cancel the meet. The result? The meet was held, even though both teams remained at home. Freas worked out a deal with Kenyon Coach Dick Sloan, and each team swam in its own pool. Times in each event were noted, and the coaches got on the phone and compared them. Allegheny, virus and all, won 71-42. Times were not as fast as in head-to-head competition, even though both teams had the home-pool advantage.

POGGY BOTTOM, INDEED

The proliferation of professional sports leagues and teams, and the easy switching of franchises from city to city, has led to confusion in the Washington-Baltimore area. Let's see. The Washington-Baltimore franchise in the new World Football League is running a contest for a nickname (first prize is \$1,000), but the legal name of the corporation is Washington Capitals Inc. The new football team is not to be confused with the Washington Capitals, the new National Hockey League team that will begin competition next season. These Washington Capitals are not the Washington Capitals who used to represent the District of Columbia in the American Basketball Association; those Washington Capitals moved across the Potomac and changed their name to the Virginia Squires. These Washington Capitals will play their home games in Largo, Md. Largo, Md. is also the home base of the current local entry in the National Basketball Association, who used to be the Baltimore Bullets. They are now the Capital Bullets. There is also the North American Soccer League. The Washington team, known as the Diplomats, is owned by

Nick Margiote, who is from Baltimore. The Baltimore team, once the Bays, now the Cornets, is owned by Lou Focakre, who is from Philadelphia. The Washington baseball team is called the Senators. It plays its home games in Minnesota, Texas and San Diego.

RACE OF RASSES

A news story out of Birmingham last week reported the death of George W. Perry, 61, in a plane crash on a mountain near the city. The story confined itself to details of the accident, noting only that Perry, who was the proprietor of a flying service in Brunswick, Ga., had been delivering a plane to a customer when he was killed.

Unmentioned was the fact that George Washington Perry was an almost legendary name to thousands of anglers all because of something he did one day more than 40 years ago. On June 2, 1932, when Perry was only 19, he went fishing on Montgomery Lake in Georgia. According to the annals of the Bass Anglers Sportsmen Society, of which he was a life member, he had no success all morning. But in the afternoon that suddenly changed. He cast a plug, a Crook Club Wiggie Fish, toward a half-submerged dead tree. "I thought I'd hooked a log," Perry recalled not long ago. "It was heavy and cumbersome." The cumbersome log proved to be an enormous largemouth bass. Perry eventually hoisted it, and he and a friend took the fish into town and weighed it on a grocer's scale. He later submitted the verified weight in a regional *Field & Stream* contest and learned, to his considerable surprise, that he had a world record for largemouth bass. That record, an awesome 22 pounds 4 ounces, stood for the rest of his life. What happened to the massive fish? Well, 1932 was a Depression year. Perry and his family ate it.

LEVEL BUSINESS HEAD

When Henry Ford began mass-producing automobiles more than half a century ago, his basic idea was to sell a lot of cars for a little money; in fact, low price, big volume, plenty profit. Professional sports in this country takes the big-volume and high-profit part of Ford's philosophy, but it has long since abandoned low price—in most cases, anyway. But then we have Walter O'Malley's Los Angeles Dodgers, the best franchise in baseball and possibly in professional

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SCORECARD

sport. When O'Malley moved his Dodgers from Brooklyn to California in 1958, ticket prices in the Coliseum, where the Dodgers played until their new stadium was built, ranged from 75¢ to \$3.50. When Dodger Stadium opened in 1962 special club-level and dugout-level seats were priced at \$5.50, but other tickets remained the same. This year, the Dodgers' 1980 season in Los Angeles and then 1981 in their stadium (which, incidentally, was financed by the team, not the city), the price scale is incredibly still the same: 75¢ to \$3.50, except for those special boxes. Other pro teams in Los Angeles have followed the national trend. The cheapest seat for Rams football has gone from \$2.50 in 1960 to \$4; Lakers basketball, \$2 to \$4 in 1980, is now \$4.25 to \$7.50.

The explanation? "Mr. O'Malley is very happy with our attendance," says Red Patterson, a Dodger public-relations man. "When you average two million a season, you've got to believe our fans like things the way they are. We intend to hold the line on ticket prices." Henry Ford would have understood.

THEY SAID IT

• Aurel Joffe, 72-year-old hockey Hall of Famer who scored 270 goals in 16 seasons with the Montreal Canadiens: "I'm insulted that I haven't had an offer from the World Hockey Association."

• Paul Humes, Oklahoma City University basketball coach, on an upcoming doubleheader: "Bethany Nazarene will play Oklahoma Christian College in the first game, and we Methodists will play Oral Roberts in the second. I don't know what kind of basketball you'll see, but it's gotta be a fine revival."

• Maury Wills, base-stealing record holder and now a special instructor for the Los Angeles Dodgers, asked what new Dodger Jim Wynn had to do to steal more bases in 1974: "He has great speed and great power. The only thing he has to do to steal more is his more singles."

• Gordon (Red) Benson, Detroit Red Wing center, on his team's troubles: "I've been with Detroit for 3½ years. In that time we've had 11 goalies and four coaches. Once we acquire stability, I'm sure this club has potential."

• Hot Rod Hundley, television commentator, on his playing days with the Los Angeles Lakers: "My biggest thrill came the night Elgin Baylor and I combined for 73 points in Madison Square Garden. Elgin had 71 of them."

END

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FORM DIVISION



Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 4, 1976

CRAFTY WIN FOR



MUHAMMAD

There were no bombs in his fists, but with artfulness ripened through the years Ali took on all that Joe Frazier could offer and easily won their rematch

by MARK KRAM

CONTINUED



It is the same way with a man with a horn; when the lip goes bad so does the trumpet and the music that he alone made special. He is never the same again, but he can rise to a moment, catch a riff and carry it enough to make the world feel special for having heard him do it. So it was Monday night as Muhammad Ali suddenly erased all the doubts that had accompanied his self-created fantasies. The universe does indeed hold its breath for Ali, and then he gives it air.

He was an artist in search of an art against Joe Frazier before a crowd of 20,788 at Madison Square Garden and millions of others who are moved by him in incomprehensible ways. He did not find what he was looking for, the touch that few men ever have to begin with—age, exile and his playful nature have taken that—but what he did find over 12 steaming rounds was what no man can give another, an understanding of his craft. It is the one thing that separates

the ring from absolute brutality, this mostly invisible side of a fighter who takes it—the last thing he learns and the last thing that leaves him—and makes it a torchbearer, if not dramatic, weapon. That is what Ali did against Frazier, his most persistent adversary over the years, a glorious laborer who came with both pick and shovel, but had neither at the same time.

In the end, it was a unanimous decision for Ali; ring generalship over a one-man army fighting a war of attrition. If the fight ever seemed close, it was only because of Frazier's incessant pursuit, which cannot fail to impress even those who may consider it plug ugly, and the occasional bursts—spurred far too far apart—of his left hook. For years it had been sudden evil, yet now it seemed only a moderately bad dream to Ali. For Ali knew what he was about on this night, recalling all the little things that make one a survivor: tying an opponent up,

clever volleying when it would count the most, skirting sure trouble like a bank robber.

From the opening bell, Ali took command, much in the way he did in their first fight, except that this time his fire-power was lower in volume. Yet there was an economy to his moves, a smooth fluidity to his dancing. He was making every move count. His offense was built on flash attacks of hooks and up-jabs. When he did not work, he made sure Frazier did not either, artfully tying him up time and time again. In the second round Ali stopped Joe with a right hand. Frazier wailed, momentarily reflected that he was still on his feet and continued his assault. The first four rounds were clearly Ali's, leaving Frazier only eight in which to salvage a fight that would turn out to be a severe blow to his career.

Joe never did find all his weapons. He appeared frustrated, unable to sustain an attack. He groped, floundering as Ali slipped most of his best shots. Then in the seventh and eighth rounds he appeared to generate something striking. Ali was sleeping. His arms appeared heavy, like tree limbs weighted with Spanish moss. He was even reverting to his old habit of straying aimlessly into corners, a sign of a tired fighter. In the ninth, it looked as if Ali would lose another round, until suddenly he retrieved it with some solid work.

After that moment of Ali's command, the affair seemed hopeless for Frazier. Points would not win the match; Frazier would need a knockout. It never did come, and soon Ali was sitting on a platform in a chair in the interviewing room eating ice cream on a stick—the eternal child. His eyes bounced along the faces of the press and television, and they seemed to be saying that this can go on forever. "Answer me," he prodded. "Do I look like I'm 32 years old? Did I fight like a 32-year-old?" The answer is yes and no—depending on what was expected from the fight.

Even Ali's oldest enemy, the white working man, who could never abide his mouth, let alone his beliefs, seemed to ignore him as something not worthy of their squabbling. Frazier was not terribly meaningful to them, either—losers never are. As for Ali's hard core of brethren, those with the Beret hats and

Joe Frazier punches Muhammad Ali in the seventh round of their fight.



peacock flourishes who hang on his every word and draw fire and strength from him, none of them seemed beside themselves with anticipation as they had been in Fight I.

Yet they knew that the show, the bombast, the theatrical tempest that only Ali can provide would come—and it did. No one has changed preflight atmosphere more than Ali. It used to be a static thing: contrived news from training camps (bores in gym, phony knockdowns, manufactured angers), all of it enough to gag a goat, if not the columnists who were paid by the promoters. Ali changed the script with his soulful hysteria that time and again left his vast audience, detractors as well as supporters, in gawpie awe.

Ali probably never had, nor will he ever again have, a more perfect foil before a fight than Joe Frazier. Everything about Frazier is a source of material to Ali: his style as a fighter, suggesting a wild beast tangled in a thicket; that head that catches so many punches, leaving Ali to conclude that he is an utter fool; Frazier's simplicity as a man, his lack of expression, his belief of live and let live. These are aspects of Frazier that Ali cannot abide, even if he does not despise them, for they are alien, abrasive to a man in desperate pursuit of immortality.

Ali finally got to Frazier, thus igniting the flame that gave Fight II a character of its own: pure enmity. Up to several days before the fight, it promised to be a match that would provide nothing more than a wistful reminder of the past, a bout between two men with bankrupt talents. Then, as Frazier and Ali met in a television studio to review films of their first bout, the lid came off, and beneath it was the raw torment of Frazier. Joe seemed to be handing the constant racial slurs well enough. "You want to the hospital," he said to Ali.

"I went to the hospital for 10 minutes and you went to the hospital for 10 months," Ali countered.

"Just for a rest," said Joe. "In and out."

"That shows how dumb you are," said Ali. The exchange went on, and Ali said again, "That shows how ignorant. . ."

With that, Frazier got up and reached down to pull Ali out of his chair. Ali got a headlock on him, and the two, with the ear plugs falling out of their ears, turned off the stage. Not since Benny Paret



Getting back at his tormentor, Frazier recalls Ali, one of the few times he was able to connect.

insulted the manhood of Ernie Griffith and was mortally wounded in the ring had anyone seen such open contempt between two fighters. It is true that Ali, as always, had an eye on the closed-circuit receipts, or needed a psychological stimulant, but no doubt can exist about the intent of Frazier. He was genuinely weary of being the victim. They both were fined \$5,000 for behavior "demeaning the sport of boxing," and that has to be one of the superb lines of our time.

In the ring, neither Frazier nor Ali could or did insult their business. For they are a special pair, and even with what they have left they were able to light up the night, the whole week in New York. Ali's critics wanted a crucifixion, but what they saw was a big man enter

the ring and a bigger man leave it. On the opposite side, Frazier's detractors wanted to see him beaten with bloody conviction, humiliated because he had so readily throttled the myth of Ali the first time. Instead, they saw a wonderful foot soldier who has simply climbed out of too many trenches.

"How old those two fellas?" a lady in a gold fur asked, leaving the Garden.

"Thirty-two and 30," said a man next to her. "Frazier's 30."

"My, myyyyy, he looks sooooo old." So he does. And there is a French phrase that tells a lot about what many thought after seeing him: "To say goodbye is to die a little."

He was a singular man—and also a fighter.

END

GREAT SCOTT, HE DID SOME RING JOB!

The Detroit Pistons are hitting on all 12 since Coach Ray Scott made some adjustments to improve his team's sputtering defense **by PETER CARRY**

One of the first indications appeared early in the season, before the standings began to reflect just how good the Pistons had become. The Cleveland Cavaliers were attempting to run a play against Detroit when Referee Mendeny Rudolph blew his whistle, pssssssssss from behind the basket toward the scorer's table at Cobo Arena and, making the flamboyant gestures he usually reserves for games he officiates on national TV, laid a warning on the Pistons for using an illegal zone defense. What made Rudolph's action so startling was not the call itself, which is required by NBA rules, but that he needed to make it. By so doing, he became the first man in recent memory to detect the Pistons playing any discernible form of defense, legit or otherwise.

Perhaps because it was so stunned that its secret was out, Detroit lost to Cleveland and again to Houston two nights later. But in the two months since, the Pistons have been the winningest team in the pros this side of Milwaukee. Over that span they have won 21 of 29 games, picking indiscriminately on weak teams, which they have sometimes embarrassed by lamedged scores, and strong ones. Detroit has won 10 of its 15 most recent games against .500-plus clubs, and in one heady burst clobbered the NBA's two most successful clubs, Milwaukee (twice) and Boston. These winning ways continued last week as the Pistons swept three weak opponents at Cobo before losing at Chicago 109-91. That defeat prevented Detroit from moving ahead of the Bulls into second place in the Midwest Division, easily the league's toughest, but hardly tarnished the Pistons' 33-19 record, fourth-best in the NBA.

It is defense in its many forms—trap presses, switching man-to-man and occasionally a thinly disguised zone of the

sort used by most good pro teams—that has turned the Detroit Pistons, for 16 seasons one of the NBA's most persistent losers, into instant winners. Last year Detroit ranked 10th in defense, allowing 110 points per game—and that was a six-point improvement over 1971-72. Now the Pistons have a 98.9 defensive average and are getting better with almost every game; only three of their last 13 opponents have scored as many as 100 points.

Moreover, Detroit has wrought these miracles with, in the main, the same old workers. Former Piston player Ray Scott had barely given a thought to coaching 18 months ago; now he is a clutch for Coach of the Year. Dave Bing had spent seven fine seasons in the Detroit backcourt and come close to blindness; now he is doing better than ever on both offense and defense, even though he must often make plays and shots when his teammates and the basket are out of focus. In his three previous pro years Bob Lanier was accused of having too much gut and not enough guts. Today, he is no worse than the third-best NBA center and may well be named the NBA's Most Valuable Player.

When Scott resigned his from-office job with the ABA Squires and returned to Detroit to assist Coach Earl Lloyd at the beginning of last season, the situation bore a depressing similarity to the one Scott had left in 1967 after a six-year sentence in a Piston uniform. The team was a loser, just as it had been for all but one season dating back to 1956-57, when the Pistons played out of Fort Wayne, and it had not made the playoffs since 1968. Nor did there seem much reason

to expect matters to improve when Lloyd was fired less than a month into the season and Scott was named the team's sixth coach in eight years.

"When they asked me to take over the team, I hadn't given coaching much thought," the 4'9" Scott says, "but I wasn't totally unprepared. I hadn't been a dumb player. I had been interested in what was happening on the floor and had come to understand the right way to play. And I knew that the way we had been playing was not right. The Pistons had been the type of team that tried to win by outshooting the other guys, and that almost never works because shooting is the least predictable part of the game. We had to turn it around, to take what the other team offered us on offense, to assert ourselves on defense and only let the other team have what we offered it."

"The players knew most of the techniques for doing this; the problem was getting them to execute. Because I hadn't seriously thought about coaching, I had never bothered to cook up an act to use on players. I was forced to be myself and I think it's worked out advantageously. I generally try to be honest and direct with people and I've been the same with the players. There have been times I've done things you can point to. Last year I benched guys immediately when they didn't do what I wanted, and that included Lanier a half-dozen times. But that's



Bob Lanier could always shoot; now he throws his weight around, as Rick Anderson is aware.

ely a minor part of motivating people. The rest of it is very elusive. I do a thing a certain way because that's the way I am. I'm just groping. If something happens to work, I'm never quite sure why. There's no real structure to it. When we solve one problem, we go on to the next. There aren't any books to look in and I don't call up Red Auerbach after we reach each stage of improvement and ask, "What do we do next?"

Whatever Scott has that his predecessors lacked, it began to take hold midway through last season. Detroit won 20 of its final 31 games a year ago, a streak that was viewed with some skepticism because of the team's past record and the feeling that many of the wins came against clubs coasting until the playoffs. This season the Pistons should be the ones coasting into the playoffs, and once there they should be full-fledged title contenders.

One man who says he needed only a nudge from Scott is Bing, a former NBA scoring champ whose average this season (19) is his lowest ever. Limited of concentrating on shooting and using his rare quickness to penetrate, Bing has worked harder on defense and floor leadership. "It's a change I might not have accepted as a young player because I might not have understood how we'd benefit by me scoring fewer points," he admits. "But I've gone all these years scoring all these

points and we never won. Obviously, it was time to adjust."

That is an adjustment that must seem minor to Bing after the accommodations he has had to make because of his limited vision. As a child he stuck a nail through his left pupil, leaving him with 20/30 vision in that eye. Then in an exhibition in 1971 the retina was torn in Bing's right eye. After playing one more game and scoring 24 points before the injury was correctly diagnosed, he entered the University of Michigan Hospital, where a team of surgeons sewed his eye back together with silicone thread and debated whether he should ever play again. Bing gave them their answer less than three months later when he returned to the lineup and appeared in the final 44 games of the season.

"It took me more than a year to adjust," says Bing, who cannot discern the features of a person six feet away without his glasses, but wears a contact lens only in his right eye when playing. "TV games really bother me because the lights tend to cause glare on the lens. I've lost depth perception and most of my peripheral vision. The only way I can tell who's on my team from the other end of the floor is by the color of the uniforms. Otherwise everybody looks like a hazy blob." Worse still, Bing cannot clearly focus on the basket as he moves quickly about the court, a severe handicap for a player

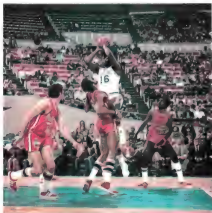
whose biggest offensive asset is his ability to shoot on the run. But Bing still takes—and makes—that kind of shot. He judges the range by his position on the floor.

Lanier had a handicap to overcome, too. According to Scott, it was his center's unwillingness to assert—or assert—himself fully in any aspect of the game except shooting. According to Lanier, it has only been in the last year that he has overcome the physical and psychological effects of the knee injury that ended his college career in 1970 when he was playing in the NCAA regionals for St. Bonaventure and fell over Villanova's (now, ironically, the Pistons') Chris Ford. Whatever the reason, there is no question that in his first 2½ seasons in Detroit the 6'11" Lanier was usually overweight—often at 275 pounds and more—so prone to wander far outside for long jump shots and frequently absent without leave on defense.

Since Scott's arrival, the benchings, the threat of a fine if Lanier reported weighing more than 265 and Lanier's revived enthusiasm have changed all that. The most versatile shooter among pro centers, Lanier is grinding down opponents with his inside game and wearing them out with his defense. He averages 23.9 points and 14 rebounds per game, but impressive as those numbers are, his best statistic is the Pistons' defensive average, for which he is most responsible.

Lanier is not only clogging the middle with his immense frame, but is using his unexpected quickness to move away from the basket and help Detroit's switching defense in much the same manner that last year's MVP, Dave Corbin, does for the Celtics. Twice in the Pistons' 93-89 win over Houston last week, Lanier switched onto Rocket Calvin Murphy, the smallest (5'9") and perhaps the fastest man in the league. Both times Murphy attempted to drive past Lanier, only to end up passing off in frustration when he could not get by. The next night Lanier put together one of the tidest performances of the season as Detroit beat Seattle 94-83. He scored 27 points, grabbed 19 rebounds, had five assists, stole the ball three times and blocked seven shots. He said of that night's work: "I've had quite a few games like this so far this year, and I expect I'm going to have even more of them in the future." Which suggests how good the Detroit Pistons might get.

END



TWO GREENIES AND A WHAMMY

Just to add to the confusion of the tennis scene, the WCT squads now come in colors—Red, Blue and Green. At Philadelphia, Rod Laver, rocketing along again, headed Arthur Ashe for the 18th straight time

by JOE JARES

Before we get to the backhands and forehands, lobs and volleys, ads in and out and all that other tennis fold-out, let us make our political report to the alphabet fans. WCT and WTT have joined forces in a limited partnership. The ATP has given reluctant approval to its players to sign with WTT, but WCT has severed relations with the USLTA while keeping its deal with the ILTF, which has decided not to ban players from WTT pending an investigation by the FBI, a possible loan from the FHA and a pint refill of STP. Most of this thrilling news was generated last week in Philadelphia, where, when time could be found between press conferences, a few tennis matches were played—some of them quite good ones.

The occasion was the \$100,000 U.S. Pro Indoor Tennis Championships at the Spectrum, second event on Lamar

Hunt's 1974 World Championship Tennis (WCT) tour and the only one with all three colorful troupes, Red, Blue and Green, playing in the same place. In the end it was two Greenies, Arthur Ashe and Rod Laver, who met in the Sunday final, an occasion more important for Ashe than for the stubby Australian, and not just because there was an \$8,000 prize differential between first and second places.

Ashe has finished second so often lately he should look for an endorsement for bridesmaids' dresses. He is an excellent tennis player, one of the world's best, and a highly respected leader of the Association of Tennis Professionals (ATP), but to him championships are glittering mirages that turn into desert sand when he gets too close. Runner-up to Stan Smith at the WCT final last May, Runner-up to Jimmy Connors at the South African Open last November, Runner-up to Ilie Nastase at Forest Hills in '72. In three previous WCT seasons he has reached tournament finals 10 times and won only twice. And Ashe was also backing a second jinx on Sunday. In 17 matches against Laver he had never won.

So now make it 18. The 35-year-old Laver, who some pros thought was all washed up six months ago, beat Ashe 6-1, 6-4, 3-6, 6-4 and took home the winner's check for \$15,000. The match seemed decided in the very first game. Ashe won the spin of the racket and elected to receive. So Rocket Rod bombed him with those aces.

Laver's victory was just the latest in a long series. He won a tournament in Hong Kong and another in Australia and then went undefeated in a couple of Davis Cup meetings, including two singles wins in the finals against the U.S. He lost in the first round of the CBS Classic, then moved through seven opponents in Philly. That is 21 wins in 22 matches against top opposition. Even though Ashe took the third set—he has won only six of 43 sets from Laver since 1968—the issue seemed never in doubt.

Laver's impressive victory was the first step in his campaign to match the WCT final in Dallas May 12 and win the only major championship that has eluded him, not to mention its \$50,000 first prize. The route will be arduous, however, as Ashe pointed out in sipping up the three groups which, by the time May 12 rolls around, will have performed in 28 cities and 12 countries. To know how to order a racket resting in both Portuguese and Japanese is not easy.

"Our Green group is the yo-yo," said Ashe. "We go to Bologna, to London, to São Paulo, to Tokyo, to Denver. We get the worst trips. The Red group is the nut squad. They've got Nastase and all the basket cases. The Blue group has Stan Smith and John Newcombe—'The Stan and John Show.' They're head and shoulders above everyone else in their group. If they get their sleep and eat three meals a day, they should make the finals by the time they have finished three-fourths of their tournaments."

The two top men in each group will qualify for Dallas and will be joined by two others, from any group, with the next highest total of points. Barring injury, it should be Laver and Ashe from Green, Smith and Newcombe from Blue (which never strays out of the U.S.) and Ilie Nastase and Tom Okker from Red. The wild cards? Perhaps Jan Kodes of Green or Tom Gorman, Cliff Drysdale or Marty Riessen of Red. (You will be surprised to learn that Alex Metreveli of the Soviet Union is a Blue, not a Red.)

Anyway, all 84, from Alexander to Zagarelli, were supposed to be in Philly last week, but injuries cannot be barred. No. 1 seed Nastase, tiffed by a computer as the likely winner, had to withdraw because he had hurt his right arm in a fixed-for-television tournament held at Lakeway, Texas the week before. Newcombe pulled a tendon in his heel at the Australian Open and so the second seed was lost. No. 5 Manuel Orantes rested in Spain nursing a sore back; he may not play much this year. But even

Ashe did his bridesmaid thing once more.





Laver, a subject of has-been whisperings mere months ago, had the pleased crowd shaking.

with all the dropouts, there will be few events in 1974 that will present a more powerful field. Or a stranger week.

Cliff Richey was relaxing in a Philly bar one night when an elderly man—perhaps a lineman he had abused in years gone by—walked up and kicked him in the rear end. World Team Tennis (WTT), which will start its season even before WCT ends, was busy charming out press releases. Lamar Hunt announced a "declaration of independence" from the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, on which his WCT was never very dependent anyway. The ATP and the International Lawn Tennis Federation both gave reluctant approval to WTT. Meanwhile, the tennis fans of the Delaware Valley largely ignored that whole matter, but bought themselves a total of 71,834 tickets for the seven days of competition. The press managed to avoid being smothered in handouts from ABC and XYZ and still have the energy to dig out the story of Tony Roche and the Filipino faith healer who saved his career.

Roche is a left-handed Australian who

a few years ago was considered by many to be Laver's heir apparent as racket boss of the universe, or at least New South Wales. But Roche encountered one of the nastiest cases of tennis elbow on record, one that acupuncture and two operations in the U.S. could not cure. He was desperate, so he was a willing listener when two London friends, one a radiologist and the other a dentist, recommended he see a faith healer named Placido who lives outside Manila.

Roche and his wife Sue made the pilgrimage to the Philippines. There Placido X-rayed Roche's arm by merely placing a "bit of paper" on it. Next he gave Roche an injection by throwing his hands at the aching joint in the style of Mandrake the Magician. Roche does not smile when recounting this, his wife backs him up and friends insist he is sincere. Then, while Placido pushed on Roche's head, an assistant opened an incision by lightly touching the arm, removed three blood clots and closed the arm up again. Just ask Sue. The scar disappeared within days and here is Tony

Roche out on tour again. Whatever happened, Tony believes. And all for a \$20 donation.

Roche reached the semis in the Spectrum before losing to Ashe, and along the way he beat Mark Cox, who claims that another faith healer, an Englishwoman, helped cure his sore shoulder. Roche won 6-4, 5-4, not necessarily a setback for British faith healing.

Laver, who has had some struggles with a bad back, uses more conventional remedies—stretching exercises before a match and rubbings afterward. Last October, after he had lost to a young Englishman, Buster Mottram, on slippery clay in chilly Madrid, Laver had considered going home to Newport Beach, Calif., and throwing his racket in the bay. Instead he plunged into a Davis Cup conditioning regimen that is still paying him dividends.

In the bottom half of the draw in Philly he beat Jeff Boroswick, Cliff Drysdale, Ross Case, who is a rapidly improving young Aussie, and Okker to reach the semis. Against Okker, one of the world's 10 best, Laver was devastating—cat-quick on volleys, sharp on serve and whacking ground strokes every way but out. He blew Okker off the court 6-4, 6-2, making a mockery of his earlier comment, "I'm not No. 1, am I? I'm just one of the boys."

Laver was the sixth seed, but that computer had better wise up. Rocket Rod had a little more trouble with Czechoslovakia's Jan Kodeš in the semis, but still won impressively enough 6-4, 1-6, 6-4, 6-0. Kodeš does not lose many sets at love.

Ashe was helped in the upper half of the draw when Stan Smith, who is suffering through a long slump, was knocked out early on. Ashe beat Jean Chatriot, Patrick Proisy, Brian Gottfried, Alex Metrevel and Adriano Panatta before meeting Roche. The "5,000 serves" he had hit in practice in Miami clearly had sharpened his game.

But he was not sharp enough. No match for Laver's slicing passing shot, he also made numerous volley errors and served fewer aces. At the ceremonies afterward, Ashe told the Spectrum crowd, "We no longer play just for trophies, but for little pieces of paper with aces on them. It seems like every time I come up against Rod Laver, his check has one more zero than mine."

BOB

THE END OF A WEEK THAT NEVER WAS

Out of place as a No. 2, UCLA followed the towering lead of Bill Walton and smothered the day-by-day dream of old Notre Dame by LARRY KEITH

The Bruins knew. They had this one figured all along. What the rest of us had seen before our very eyes when Notre Dame invoked the Golden Dome and Dwight Clay to upset UCLA a week earlier happens, well, only every 89 games or so. Maybe it did not really happen. Maybe, as Marquette Coach Al McGuire said before the two teams met again in Los Angeles on Saturday, it should not have happened.

"All Notre Dame did by winning was guarantee UCLA its eighth straight national championship," McGuire pronounced. Curtis Rowe, who had been around for championship Nos. 3, 4 and 5, came down harder. "If they expect to win in Los Angeles," he said, "they better bring some more players."

And so forth and so on until Irish Coach Digger Phelps finally asked, "What are we supposed to do, apologize to them for winning?"

It became apparent very early in UCLA's 94-75 victory at Pauley Pavilion that apologies would be neither necessary nor enough. Bill Walton was restoring the once and future kingdom.

"Bill's been psyching himself all week for this one," said Larry Farmer, the slender forward on Nos. 5, 6 and 7 who is now a UCLA junior varsity assistant coach. "He gets like this only a few times a year, but when he does he's unstoppable. He wants it, and don't let anybody fool you, the whole team wants it, too."

There were indications that John Wooden himself felt more than the usual concern. Early in the week he admitted, "I may have made some mistakes in the first game, and I see some things we can do better." One of them was to insert freshman Marques Johnson into the starting lineup. A 6'6" forward ordinarily, Johnson went to guard, where he did pretty much as he

pleased offensively against the six-foot Clay. Johnson took Dave Meyers' spot on the right side of the offense. Meyers slid over to the left wing and Pete Tegosich went to the bench. "Dave does a little better job of getting Bill the ball from there," explained Wooden. With the adjustments Johnson shot eight for 33 and scored 16 points. Meyers got six assists and Walton turned in the Bruins' best performance of the year. He missed only three of 19 shots, scoring at will over John Shumate and finishing with 32 points.

The game was Walton's even at the beginning when he was committing two turnovers and an offensive foul before scoring the game's first basket, which did not come until after more than two minutes of play. For Notre Dame it was four more minutes before it would score, and at that time the Bruins were up 9-0. The Irish could make only one serious run, chipping a 16-point deficit to seven late in the first half. But two short jumpers by Keith Wilkes thwarted the surge and helped the Bruins to a 43-30 halftime lead that proved insurmountable.

"Yes," said Wilkes later, "I guess we played with a little more intensity than usual. We were motivated."

Walton was nowhere to be found at the finish. After fouling out with 5:39 to play, he turned to the UCLA bench at the far end of the court and with a wave and smile he was gone. He and his team had been devastating in their fifth consecutive victory at home, making 59% of their shots, outbounding Notre Dame 43-29 and once running up a 27-point lead. At times, this game was reminiscent of UCLA's 32-point rout of Houston six years ago in the rematch fol-

Swinging around on his deely duck, Walton looks on as he one over the grounded Shumate.





lowing the Bruins' celebrated two-point loss at the Astrodome.

"I think there are times when a loss really can help a team," said Wooden as he sat sipping an orange drink after the game. Even a team that's No. 1.

For a few wonderful moments, Notre Dame was the whole game in college basketball. A diary of small vignettes tells of the road to glory and...

TUESDAY, JAN. 15

Digger Phelps is sitting in a South Bend restaurant with UCLA on his mind and three cold meatballs on his plate that for some time now have gone unattended. "Hey, Digger, how about that football team?" asks yet another intruder. "You gonna win too, aren't ya?" Phelps forces a smile as he looks across the table at Assistant Coach Dick Dibasso. The fan leaves and Phelps quickly plunges his fork into a meatball with his left hand and opens a blue notebook with his right.

At the moment Phelps is feeling lousy. Tonight Notre Dame must play Georgetown. Sunday the Irish play UCLA. Phelps is trying very hard to take the games one at a time without missing any meals. Finally, the last intruder is gone, the last meatball has surrendered. He and Dibasso begin discussing UCLA, a team Phelps has not seen in person since an 82-63 loss last season in which the Bruin established an alltime NCAA record with their 61st consecutive victory. Phelps did watch UCLA continue its streak with nationally televised wins over Maryland and North Carolina State. After the first game he concluded, "This isn't the same UCLA team I have seen in the past." After the second he noted, "North Carolina State was in the game as long as it held its poise." Such lore swirls his blue notebook.

Phelps and Dibasso discuss UCLA. There is no question about how it should be played. "I know them so well I could coach them myself," says Phelps. "and I think I'm learning how to beat them." Phelps says no slowdowns or stalls. No zones or double-teams. Attack the boards hard on both ends. Don't be afraid to take the play into the middle. The coaches' luncheon is about over when Dibasso, an old friend from Ilexton, N.Y., Digger's hometown, makes a suggestion. "We need something to ease the tension and reward the players for

their hard work," he says. "So they can leave with a positive attitude."

Phelps agrees. "Let's try to come up with something special."

That evening Notre Dame beats Georgetown 104-77, the team's ninth straight victory and the one that lifts Phelps' record at Notre Dame to one modest notch above 500. The coach is in no mood to celebrate.

"For the life of me I can't understand what's wrong with some of you guys," he starts after the game. "Don't you understand? We're playing to win the national championship. If you don't believe in that commitment, don't interfere with those who do. We're trying to build depth and we're trying to beat U-C-L-A. Are you ready. Shu? Are you ready, Goose? Ready, Broke?..."

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 16

Phelps comes into his wood-paneled office a few minutes after 9 a.m. He and Dibasso evaluate last night's game, noting that the backcourt made too many turnovers (12), that there was not enough penetration on offense and that the team did not get back quickly enough on defense. Gary Brokaw, Notre Dame's best shooter, is mentioned. "Sometimes," says Phelps, "Gary doesn't concentrate on what he is doing. When he does he is really something."

The two discuss the UCLA game plan. Notre Dame hopes to force UCLA to the left, away from Keith Wilkes and toward Walton's low post position. John Shumate, the strong 6'9", 235-pound junior center, will play behind Walton and try to keep him away from the basket. "Our objective is to take away the job paw and not worry if Walton gets 25 points," says Phelps. "Shumate can't let this become a crusade, him against Walton. If Walton beats us with 30 hook shots, let him."

Even though he has yet to play well against UCLA, Gary (Goose) Novale, Phelps decides, will guard Wilkes. Freshman Adrian Dantley will check the taller Dave Meyers, with Guards Dought Clay and Brokaw picking up Tommy Curtis and Pete Trgovich.

When the Notre Dame players arrive for practice each finds a 3 x 5 card that carries a special message taped to his locker. For Shumate it is "Defense—Boards." Says Shumate: "Digger has given us confidence by saying we are going to play UCLA straight up. I thought

Continued



some of the things we did last year played right into their hands."

In today's 2½-hour practice a blue-shirted team runs the Bruins' offensive and defensive patterns and the golds (the regulars) are taught to react. One drill gives the golds ball possession with three minutes to go and an eight-point lead. They must hold on as the blue team presses. They do. "You know what happens now?" Phelps asks. "Shit, you go to one basket and Goose, you go to the other. The rest of you guys lift them up like they're cutting down the net." Practicing net cutting? Yes. It is the gimmick. DeBuse was looking for it.

The practice ends as it always has in Phelps' eight years of coaching at Pennsylvania, Fordham and Notre Dame. The players gather at midcourt and he asks them three times, "No. 1?"

"Notre Dame!" they answer.

One more chore remains. After dinner the team is shown the first 10 minutes of the two games with UCLA last year. In the whirling darkness the Bruins take the lead, both times, but the advantage is slight—the slaughter at the end of both games is not shown. "You've got to believe you can beat them after looking at this film," Phelps says. The lights come on and the players clap. As they walk out Brokaw says, "I can't wait."

THURSDAY, JAN. 17

The morning staff meeting includes Frank McLaughlin, who had been away scouting Kansas, an opponent coming up next Tuesday. There is a strange lousy when Phelps, whose attitude about UCLA has been so positive, so confident, asks McLaughlin, an assistant with Phelps since Fordham, "Can we beat Kansas?"

"We can, Diago," he says. "But it will be tough."

The distractions are becoming anomalous. One quarter of Phelps' working day is given to the press, but the hassle is worse for the players, who have no secretary to screen phone calls. Clay says, "The students are getting me too excited." In practice Clay makes a bad pass and Phelps chastises the little guard.

Standing at midcourt Clay says quietly, "Don't worry, Coach. I'll be ready."

Now it is "injury time," concentrated basketball, the kind a team must play when it is trailing late in a game. Press, steal, score. The drill works well.

After practice Phelps and his assistants drive to Chicago for a look at UCLA, which has come east to meet Iowa. The game is poorly played. UCLA wins 68-44 without Walton, who has been hurt and out of action. On the way home Phelps says, "I really don't care if Walton plays or not, but I think he's going to. I don't know what all this secret stuff has been about. He's going to play."

FRIDAY, JAN. 18

There is nothing new to discuss in the coaches' meeting. "The kids are ready," Phelps says.

The team, however, is not as sharp in practice as it was the day before. The coach suddenly ends a scrimmage with the blue team pressing the golds hard. Nevertheless, Phelps repeats the net-cutting scenario. A few hours later, 1,000 students pour into bare, round Shepan Center for a pep rally. The crowd presses against the island platform where the players, coaches and guests sit. Among them is Ed Catlett, who played three years before. After the band marches in to the rousing cadence of the Irish fight song, after 82 cheerleaders and one costumed leprechaun have warmed the audience with their familiar appeals to school pride, Catlett speaks. "I have a telegram," he tells the chanting students below him. "It says, 'Sorry, John, I won't be able to play with you tomorrow. I've got a yellow streak coming on. Signed, Bill Walton.'" The crowd roars.

Finally it is Phelps' turn. He pledges that since "you never let us down, believe me we won't let you down."

The Alma Mater is played, the band wakes up the echoes and the rally is over. The players go back to their dorms. The first floor of Fisher Hall, where Shumate, Dandley and Martin live, is quieter than usual this Friday night. Shumate personally appoints monitors to keep peace so he can sleep.

SATURDAY, JAN. 19

At 4:30 a.m. Shumate is aroused by a ringing telephone. His parents are calling from Elizabeth, N.J. and for 15 minutes they talk about the game that afternoon. In the small, dark room Sha-

On the way to their day of conquest, Shumate practices taking down the victors' net and Phelps creates exhortations. But in Los Angeles the headlining act is a sign. After a week of "GOD IS #2," Notre Dame had lost its magic.

continued



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mate is told that no matter what happens today he should keep his confidence and faith in himself, that he may lose a game but not his pride. When they hang up Shamate is wide awake. He opens the door and yells out, "Wake up, everybody, it's Bruin time!"

The pregame mass is conducted by Father Edmund Joyce, the school's executive vice-president. He prays for "the grace to do our best, to contribute to the success of the team and not for personal help." Novak, who had given Walton hell at last night's pep rally, gives his team a reading from Hebrews.

Two hours later Novak comes into the locker room singing. The air is heavy with the smell of Tru-Bain, a heating salve. Shamate tells a manager to turn on the tape deck. "I need music to psych me up," Brokaw joins Shamate in singing. Clay slowly puts on his uniform, nodding with the beat. Suddenly Shamate, the son of a preacher, yells, "I had a dream last night, brothers."

The players have heard this before. They assume the role of Pentecostal worshippers. "Tell it, brother!"

"I dreamed I was running from a big bear."

"Yeah."

"He had me scared for a while."

"We know. We know."

"I ran into the woods and there was a log cabin there."

"Tell it, brother."

"I said, 'Lep, a bear is after me. What can I do?'"

"Yeah!"

"The bear said, 'Shu, lay down a Bear Bryant trap.'"

"Tell it!"

"So I lay down a Bear Bryant trap and the trap say 'Snap!'"

What it lacks religiously, it surpasses in symbolic fervor. Phelps, unavailable, is hurriedly scrawling the team's game plan on the blackboard. It adds up to: keep your pose and confidence. Around 11 o'clock the music is turned off and coffee returns to the room as the team goes out on the court to loosen up. Then the players are back for final instructions. Phelps warns them to stay away from the UCLA bench because of John Wooden's habit of riding opposing players.

"All right," he says. "I want you to act like men, play like men and win like men." It is 11:33 when the men return onto the court.

The team comes in on halftime trailing

by nine points. Phelps notes it has come back from 17-down and orders "the same intensity, the same game plan."

When Shamate steals the Notre Dame victory by grabbing the last rebound, Phelps hugs DiLisio. Brokaw is in the arms of his father; Clay, his mother. At one end of the floor Novak is taking down the net, but Shamate is not to be fazed. He is pounded in the crush and fights his way to the dressing room, where he asks for smelling salts.

Among the 450 people who come to a party at Phelps' home is the governor of Indiana. At the South Dining Hall two players who did not even get into the game are given a standing ovation when they walk in for dinner.

SUNDAY, JAN. 30

The coaches' meeting before the evening practice is subdued. There is almost no indication that Notre Dame has done anything more than win another basketball game. The offense, it is decided, was not hurt by the UCLA press. The Irish press, especially with Freshman Guard Ray Martin in the game, is judged to be very effective. Wilkes was much less a problem after Brokaw took over for Novak. Shamate ended up playing Walton the way he wanted to, floating sometimes, playing behind others. Generally, the team could have done better.

And, like that, UCLA is put aside. It is a proud and confident team that takes the practice floor, but it is a tired one also, drained by Saturday afternoon's emotion and Saturday night's celebration. "I got in at five," says Shamate, "and the phone was still ringing." The only mention of the team's new place in the college basketball universe is made by Phelps. He predicts a funeral if the squad does not shape up by Tuesday. "I'll be damned if we're going to lose to Kansas," he shouts.

At 10 o'clock practice is over. The players join as they move to center court for the traditional cheer. "All right," says Phelps, smiling self-consciously. "The first time ever . . . No. 1?"

"Notre Dame!"

They do it three times.

MONDAY, JAN. 31

After traveling for six hours Notre Dame arrives in Lawrence, Kans., weary and hungry. Practice at Allen Field House is not the stuff of which national champions are made. The players are listless.

Phelps angry. "There are going to be 12,000 people wanting to see you beaten tomorrow," he says. But no one seems to care. Phelps senses the peril.

TUESDAY, JAN. 31

Notre Dame does not defeat the Jay-hawks so much as it survives them. For 20 devastating minutes the Irish play like a national champion, breaking away to a 49-35 lead with near-flawless basketball. At halftime Phelps tells the team not to let up, but it is soon apparent that the earlier determination has evaporated. Kansas closes to within two points, 61-59. After Shamate draws his fourth foul he sits down, but somehow the Irish extend their lead to 71-67. They hold on and win 76-34 by controlling the last four minutes of play.

"I don't care if it was by one or 30," a relieved Phelps tells the players later. "It was a great win." Then he warns them not to give the waiting press "anything UCLA can use for its locker-room bulletin board." But the players are not of a mind to know about anything. "If we were on any kind of cloud," says Martin, "we're sure down to earth now." Shamate is "glad the team didn't lose because of my bad play. I'm humbled, man. I got my head handed to me."

Back at the motel Phelps is finally allowing himself a moment's relaxation. "We had to win," he says. "We just couldn't be No. 1 for only a day." His thoughts ramble on to Saturday's rematch. "We're going to do something different," he says, "something they won't expect. If they think this one is going to be easy they are in for a surprise."

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31

A 5:45 wake-up call shakes the Notre Dame team out of bed and onto a bus for a ride to Kansas City and an early-morning flight back through Chicago to South Bend. The players are tired but for now the pressures of the season are far below them. Cued by Phelps, the standees announce to the other passengers that the No. 1-ranked basketball team in the whole country is aboard. Applause at 25,000 feet.

The afternoon practice is shorter than usual. The team is listless. The next opponent, St. Francis of Pennsylvania, is not in Notre Dame's class, and besides, a local television station is going to rebroadcast the UCLA game at 6:30. That evening the players gather in small

groups wherever they can find a set. Sitting in his den, Phelps does not doubt the ability of his team to play UCLA head to head. That has been proved, but there are all the other factors to be considered. Since defeating Kansas he has been struggling with an idea: to run a four-corner delay offense with Dantley controlling the ball. That could be the surprise he is looking for. He calls DeBacco.

THURSDAY, JAN. 24

In the afternoon before the night's game with St. Francis, the Notre Dame staff gathers — to discuss UCLA. Phelps rejects McLaughlin's notion that they should pay special attention to Walton. "We can't change our whole strategy to concentrate on one man," he says. "We know it doesn't work."

Later, McLaughlin has another idea. "I wonder if Wooden would let us burg the new workout down Saturday?" Phelps smiles. If only everything could be the same.

The players consider St. Francis a useful evening's assignment. "We should blow them out of here," Phelps tells them, "but don't let them make up in enthusiasm what they lack in ability. Don't let them get hungry."

Notre Dame jumps out to a 30-2 start but obligingly lets St. Francis move into the lead midway through the period. At halftime, ahead by only nine, the players sit quietly, knowing what is to come. "You did a great job," Phelps says sarcastically. "If you want to be No. 1 a day or two, you can have it. I unsettled them all day. I unsettled it with your cocky attitude. You asked for it and you deserve it."

"A'more, let's go," says Clay. "We'll get 'em. We just have to play tougher." In the second half the Irish do not look better but they are more dedicated. Following the 38-58 victory, Brokaw says, "I never play well before a big game."

The big game is exactly what Phelps wants to talk about. "I want you to sacrifice the next two days," he tells the team. "When we get to Los Angeles tomorrow I don't want you leaving the hotel. I don't want you marking about the beach, your relatives or anything but beating UCLA. We're going out there to defend what we've already won. You are going to win. Any time you can come back from 17 points and outscore a team 32-0 in the last three minutes you are better than they are."

FRIDAY, JAN. 25

The players are eager for the morning workout, because it is the first of the week devoted entirely to the Bruins. "Oh, man, am I ready," says Clay as he jukes down the court. The team goes over the same defensive strategy it used in last Saturday's game. Phelps tells Brokaw to be more aware of the backdoor pass from Walton to Ergovich breaking underneath and reminds Shumate to block Walton off the boards. Offensively, the team runs through what it hopes will be a few unexpected twists designed to create more scoring opportunities for Brokaw and Dantley and to take advantage of Shumate's outside shooting. He doubts that Wooden has done such adjusting.

Thirty minutes after practice is over a police escort is hurrying Notre Dame to the South Bend airport. Dantley, head back, smiling and with his arms spread out on the back seat of the speeding bus, says, "This is what it's all about, man, the way it ought to be."

Phelps, in a reflective mood on the flight from Chicago, says, "No matter what happens, nobody can take Saturday's game away from us. It was the highlight of the entire season and, considering the circumstances, one of the greatest comebacks of all time. The point is we beat them, something no one else has been able to do for a long time."

The team is met at the Los Angeles airport by well-wishers and a battery of television cameras. The players share Phelps' concern about such distractions. "The limelight is bad for me, makes me throw my coat," says Clay. Pete Conry, a starter last year and a substitute this season, frowns and says, "Canon, Digger, this is bad, let's get out of here."

In the lobby of the Century Plaza Hotel Phelps gathers the players before they go to their rooms. "Don't bother to read a newspaper," he tells them. "There won't be anything in them worth seeing." Later everyone goes to Phelps' room to watch a film of the first half of last Saturday's game. "Don't get discouraged about the officials," he says. "I'll take care of them. You just keep your poise and show your class no matter what happens. UCLA and their fans want revenge. If you can accept the crowd and UCLA's intensity, we will win again. That is all it takes to shut people up."

The players have been given money so they can eat dinner on their own. Phelps tells them to be in bed by 11 o'clock. Most

have no place to go and nothing to do, though Novak, a pre-med student, has brought a textbook to study. Brokaw goes to visit his mother and father at a nearby Holiday Inn. The New Brunswick, N.J., police captain and his wife made the trip in guests of friends back home. "That was really nice," says Brokaw. "I hope it was worth the effort."

SATURDAY, JAN. 26

From the beginning it seems that time, place and circumstance are allied to mock the Notre Dame team. Most of the players, unaccustomed to the time change, awaken two hours early. During a midday shooting practice at Pauley Pavilion it is concluded that round arenas, like their own, are better. The visitors' dressing room is too small, too crowded. The bench area is too far removed from center court. Clay is coming down with a cold.

The Pavilion, where UCLA has lost only twice in 8½ years, is all but empty — and yet conspiracy already is in the air. Outside, a few hundred students, many of whom have been there since UCLA beat Santa Clara 96-54 the night before, are waiting to assure themselves of good seats when the doors open. As the players climb one cab to return to the Century Plaza, one of the squatters yells out, "Tonight you'll meet your fate."

The players say little as they sit in Phelps' suite watching the second half of last Saturday's game. The coach emphasizes the need for better rebounding. At the poignant end the team seems uncomfortable in the carpeted and chandeliered elegance of the Regents' Board Room. Novak interrupts the nervous quiet: "A'more, somebody say something to loosen us up." Nobody does.

On this day nobody can. It is more than the UCLA team; it is the whole parody of championship banners and pompadour girls and John Wooden pyramids of success. In the dressing room before the game there is none of the previous Saturday's may confidence. "You're better than they are," Phelps pleads. "It's like a neighborhood team going cross-town to play another. Just be ready for what is going to happen when you go out there."

What they hear when they go out there is the ultimate psych, the UCLA cheer section hammering the Notre Dame fight song. And they see a banner that reads, "The Lord Giveth but the Bruins Taketh Away."



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On the crest of Pacific Heights, a ridge rising 1,000 feet above the flats of Homelake, stands a pink California-Spanish mansion, its screened lanai offering an unsurpassable sweep of view from Diamond Head on the east to Pearl Harbor's approaches on the west. It is the sort of scene that courts a vision of sunset mai tins and a plump, elderly proprietor, ensconced in a softly cushioned rattan chair, regaling cocktail guests with stories that always begin: "You should have been here when. . . ." But the proprietor is not on the lanai and neither are the guests. The proprietor, a conspicuously wiry gent standing 5'11" and weighing 150 pounds, is, in fact, halfway down the steeply sloping lawn trying to throw an iron ball up the hill. His only audience is a Russian wolfhound named Caesar.

What retired Navy Commander Bernard W. Deacon—who, year for year and pound for pound may be the best all-round athlete in the world—is doing is putting the shot. When he is through with that, he may run east down the green plywood ramp that bisects the grounds and hurl a javelin toward one of the six rental units he has built on his three-acre estate. He is unlikely to practice the pole vault at this late hour; the pit is at the west end of his homemade track, and running into the descending run is like trying to play left field in Oakland. Maybe the long jump or discus, though. The long-jump pit is at the other end, and the discus, like the javelin, sails out in the direction of his unsuspecting tenants.

Is Bud Deacon crazy? The man is 62 years old! Doesn't he realize that the time has come for boozy reveries on past glories, for sedentary concerns or the semi-anesthesia many retired people indulge in as a palliative for boredom? No, he doesn't realize it, and all those front-yard antics are not solely for amusement. Fresh from his victory in the U.S. Track and Field Federation Winter Decathlon championship in Glendale, Calif. in early December, Deacon now is in light but continuous training for all the Masters (and some standard) meets that lie ahead in 1974, 1975 and maybe even 1984. Earlier in the day he has run five miles through Kapiolani Park, and he topped

that off with a harding workout on his lawn track. All Bud Deacon wants is health, happiness—and a few new world records to add to the 29 he already holds.

To some of his poi-pounding or past-oriented business associates, Deacon's behavior stamps him as a real nut—not just a fibbert but a coconut. In his kitchen, sweating heavy but breathing easy after his workout, Deacon owns up to the charge. Instead of a drink, or even a beer, he is happily gulping a faintly lemony concoction called Gookinoid, invented by a marathon-running chemist called Gookin. The label on the bottle says it is an "electrolyte replacement with glucose," and Deacon explains that it instantly replenishes body fluids and salts. "I've always been kind of a food fanatic," he beams at his wife Diddle, who is having a beer. "Or would you say that was an understatement?" "It's an understatement, all right," says Diddle, passing him a bowl of boiled peanuts, cozy in their shells.

Until three years ago Bud Deacon's nativeness was more or less a family secret. It might still be if in 1966 a San Diego attorney named David Pain had not dreamed up a mile run for men over 40 and if Dr. Kenneth H. Cooper had not published *The New Aerobics* in 1970. Pain's race inspired him to create the U.S. Masters Track and Field Association, with events in all categories, including the pentathlon, for four age groups: 40-49, 50-59, 60-69 and 70-and-over. Deacon knew about the Masters program, for he was then president of the Hawaii AAU and had been a close student of track and field ever since his college days at Stanford where, on March 10, 1934, he surpassed the world pole-vault record. But he had not seriously considered entering Masters events until *The New Aerobics* confronted him with a maximum conditioning program for people 50 and over.

Deacon began running in May of 1970. "I wasn't in bad shape then," he says in another flustering understatement, "but I never intended to compete. I just wanted to participate." That goal changed in the late fall when, as Deacon says, grinning at the obvious prevarication, "I happened to notice that I'd just run the 440

in exactly the same time as the guy who won the 60-69 age group the year before." A lot of 40-plusers must have made similar discoveries, for the Masters movement spread from San Diego to every part of the U.S. (A similar program got under way somewhat later in Europe where, lacking the American gift for hyperbole, its sponsors call it Veterans Track and Field.)

Since then veterans' athletics has enlisted an estimated 10,000 competitors (400 of them entered the last national AAU Masters meet). M.T.&F. has helped fann-dooms of local clubs, gained not only AAU sanction but support from the Track and Field Federation and regularly stages nearly a dozen regional and national meets. Its four official divisions have been expanded to include ages 30-39 at local levels, and in the Los Angeles

THE DEACON RECORDS

WORLD GROUP

(Ages 60-69. Mz age in parentheses)

800m. 48:0yd.: 2:23.8 (60, 61)
110m. 30" hurdles: 18.5 (61)
110m. 32" hurdles: 19.3 (62)
110m. 39" hurdles: 22.3 (62)
110m. 42" hurdles: 23.0 (62)
395yd. 30" hurdles: 11.8 (62)
Pentathlon: 1,403 points (61)
Decathlon (Masters): 3,894 (62)
Decathlon (Standard): 2,806 (62)
Masters 50c: 1,419 (60)

All of the above are also exchange records

WORLD EXCHANGE

400m. dash: 62.4 (62)
440yd. dash: 62.8 (62)
440yd. dash: 62.5 (61)
800m. 48:0yd.: 2:23.5 (62)
1,300m.: 5:04.4 (60)
Mile: 5:41.0 (62)
1,600m.: 3:15.0 (60)
1,000m.: 3:13.0 (61)
1,000m.: 3:19.4 (62)
Two-mile: 12:15.0 (61)
Two-mile: 12:23.0 (62)
Three-mile: 19:47.2 (60)
110m. 30" hurdles: 18.8 (62)
110m. 32" hurdles: 19.3 (60)
Decathlon (Masters): 3,793 (60)
Decathlon (Masters): 3,825 (61)
Pentathlon: 1,398 (62)



HURDLING LIFE'S BARRIERS

Bud Deacon is 62, but he shows few signs of slowing down. In some cases, he is even speeding up, as his list of world records indicates

by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON

Senior Olympics last June events were run in five-year groups beginning at 25 and ending at 80.

In 1971 *Track & Field News* began publishing annual "age records" books that list the best worldwide marks for Competitions ranging from age one (that's right, one) through 78, all based on exact birth dates. The trouble with specific dating (as opposed to the Jan. 1 birthday universally imposed on thoroughbred horses) is that today's champion may—quite literally—be tomorrow's has-been and not even know it. On the other hand, at the very dawn of his next anniversary he can start shooting for a whole new galaxy of records (there are reports of 39-year-olds wistfully yearning for their 40th birthday, a condition hardly envisioned by the "men over 40" advertisers of a generation ago).

Not long after Deacon's record-equaling 440 he got together with other over-age Honolulu athletes and formed a local Masters chapter. "The idea was health and fun!" Deacon says (both in speaking and writing he italicizes key words). "We weren't thinking about records, except as part of the program. But competition is what makes exercise fun; you don't have to win, but you want to know you did your best." Since then Deacon's best has become the geriatric sensation of the track-and-field world. He holds 11 60-69 age-group records and 18 exact-age world records. He was named the outstanding athlete of the 60-69 age group at the AAU Masters National championships in San Diego last summer, and at the world championships in Cologne in 1972 he won four gold medals.

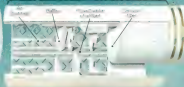
All this is not enough for Deacon. As the intermediate—and most successful—member of a family line of pole vaulters, he would dearly love to break the 60-69 world record of 12'9½" set in 1971 by Herbert Schmidt of West Germany. "I don't know if I can do it," Deacon says, "but I'm going to try. Terry's going to coach me a little on how to get the spring out of that fiber glass." Terry, 27, is the oldest of Deacon's three children. He coaches vaulting at Punahou, the Andover of Honolulu. Deacon's daughter Mary, 25, is the wife of Terry Henry IV, a one-time All-America soccer player at

continued

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North Carolina, and his younger son Danny, 22, also at North Carolina, is one of the top vaulters in the Atlantic Coast Conference. Terry never quite equaled his father's bamboo-pole best (14'6"), but Danny has surpassed it with 15'6". "I'm a little scared of that fiber glass," Deacon says. "It might sling me clear over the fence into my neighbor's yard."

Deacon's designations—and there are not many—challenge neither his records nor his dedication, but sometimes matter. "No wonder—his time's his own and he's got the money to go to all those mainland and foreign meets." A few think Deacon must be very rich—"Who else has a private practice ground in his own front yard?"—and some who know him only from his records conclude that he is "deadly, deadly about track and field." The first of these groupings is true, but the others are not—least of all the last. Thanks to a sequence of shrewd land investments, begun on a shoeing in 1941 when he bought a ranch for \$100 and crowned in 1967 by the purchase for \$127,000 of the rundown old Riley Allen estate of 16, now worth close to \$750,000, Deacon is comfortably off and the management of his properties, the Pacific Heights rental units, a small hotel in Waikiki and a 60-unit apartment complex in Long Beach, Calif., does not tie him to a desk.

Even so, the Deacons live frugally. They do much of the upkeep on their own acre, including hawking and spreading a ton of chicken manure every couple of months to keep the estate in exuberant verdure. "I guess you could say I train on chicken manure," Deacon says. "At least, everything that grows around here goes into my diet." A lot grows—leeks, mulberries, avocados, mungos and papayas, almost all one's heart desires. He built his "private practice ground" himself, including the pole-vault pit, an amply amalgam of old rubber tires and discarded floor mattresses. "I didn't really want him to put that ramp across our lawn," Diddie says, "and I insisted he make it portable so we could take it up when he wasn't training." Diddie is philosophical about her mistake—Bud is always training. She has planted flowers and vegetables by the vaulting pit.

As for deadly, deadly—well, joyful or even ecstatic might better describe Deacon's approach both to athletics and to life. Neil King, a Chicago track fan and

longtime friend, has accurately described Deacon as "the All-American Boy to the nth degree, with a bubbling, forceful personality." Astonishingly enough, Deacon is neither a track-and-field nor a fitness bore. His interests range from other sports (he is a draftee of the Islanders, Hawaii's Pacific Coast League baseball team) to horticulture to business to politics. A lot of things make him bubble, though only a few make him boil. Deacon says forcefully, "I'm not the kind of guy who goes to a party and says proudly, 'I don't drink.' I'm not likely to have more than one or two, but I don't care what other people do or think."

The 56 members of the Hawaii Masters Track Club admire and respect their celebrated competitor. "I think the only knock you could put on Bud Deacon would be that he's second stary," says Bob Gardner, the club president. "But that doesn't mean medal crazy Bud doesn't want anything he hasn't earned." Deacon pleads guilty to this mild nap, but adds: "My greatest pride is that in the Masters I can compete in all categories. I can run with the sprinters and the distance men. I can hurdle with the hurdlers, jump with the jumpers, vault with the vaulters and throw with the throwers."

What Deacon actually practices is the politics of attraction. "If doing what I do persuades younger people they can stay fit all their lives, great," he says. "Last summer at the Santa Maria [Calif.] Open Decathlon I ran in the final event, the 1,500 meters, just to participate and maybe improve my own time. I knew I wasn't going to beat those young fellows. But on the last turn I did pass a 37-year-old kid. Know what he said? 'Go to it, sir.' Afterward a little boy came up to me and said, 'My dad takes the car to go to the corner for groceries. How do you old guys do it?' If somebody like that asks, I try to tell 'em. But I'm not going to push myself or my ideas at people. Let everybody do his own thing."

Deacon was born April 28, 1911 in San Diego, the son of a contractor who had learned to vault with a trimmed hickory tree. The father taught Bud the art, and in high school he lettered in the pole vault (bamboo by then), the long jump and the high jump. He entered Stanford in 1930, and in his senior year ensnared himself as one of the school's immortals. After breaking the long world record with a vault of 14'7½" in March the mark was never recognized because records were

only recorded every two years at that time, and by then it had been surpassed. Deacon went to Los Angeles as a member of the famed Dick Templeton's six-man squad to battle the armies of USC and LSU for the national collegiate championship. With only the vault remaining, Stanford trailed the giants by six points, and Deacon had one try left with the bar at 14 feet. If he won the event, Stanford would win the meet. After half a dozen or more false starts, Deacon heard Templeton's shrill voice from the stands: "For Christ's sake! Go ahead and jump!" Recalling the moment, Deacon says, "That made me so damn mad I hanged down the runway, cleared the bar and we won the meet."

With a B.A. in socio-sociology, Deacon got a job at Consolidated Aircraft and went right on training, this time for the Olympics. In 1928, while in high school, he had finished eighth in the high jump at the Olympic trials, and in 1932 had tied for third in the vault, only to be bumped because another Stanford man already had made the team. For fun and exercise Deacon joined the San Diego Club volleyball team that won the national championship in 1935. But the 1936 Olympics produced another disappointment. His fourth-place finish in the vault trials would have been good enough before 1932, but the number of performances per country had been cut to three. Then in 1940 he finished third in the trials, only to see the Olympics canceled because of the war.

Deacon's Olympic frustrations may provide part of the motivation for his twilight assault on the record books. Many of his present marks will, of course, be surpassed as more and more track men graduate into his age group, but he hopes to keep posing exact-age records right on through to his 70th birthday. Then, of course, a whole new decade will be wide open for him to assault.

In 1941 Deacon married Evangeline (Diddie) Garwig, and they bought the lodestone ranch before he began his naval career. Although his talents as a supply officer kept him out of the shooting war, he saw service in the southwest Pacific and after the war was stationed, among other places, at Los Alamitos, Calif., where he launched the base volleyball team on a run of seven straight national championships.

Deacon tends to discount both his athletic achievements and his real estate suc-

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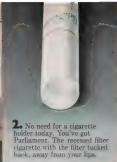
Check out the colors and patterns and get into Bob Hope's Desert Classic Double Duo. Bob thinks it's a pretty sensational idea for the man who wants a lot of good looks without a lot of effort.

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2. No need for a cigarette holder today. You've got Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette with the filter tucked back, away from your lips.



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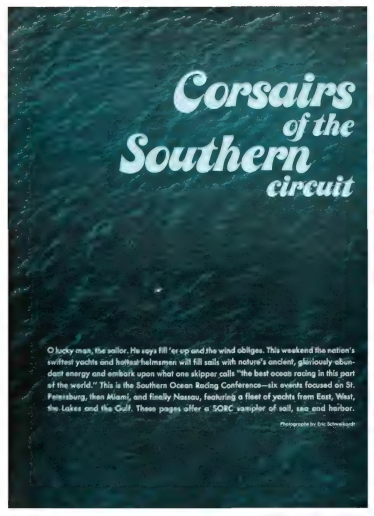
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O lucky man, the sailor. He says fill 'er up and the wind obliges. This weekend the nation's swiftest yachts and hottest helmsmen will fill sails with nature's ancient, gloriously abundant energy and embark upon what one skipper calls "the best ocean racing in this part of the world." This is the Southern Ocean Racing Conference—six events focused on St. Petersburg, then Miami, and finally Nassau, featuring a fleet of yachts from East, West, the Lakes and the Gulf. These pages offer a SORC sampler of sail, sea and harbor.

Photographs by Eric Schwelbardi





The famed skipper Ted Turner hurries his sloop "Lightnin'" toward Nassau. In sunny harbor creatures fiery and feminine are observed.





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Controversy swirls about strange craft like the 1973 Miami-Nassau winner, "Cascade," but there is a timeless serenity at journey's end.

PEOPLE

★ **University of Kentucky football fans** were unhappy with Coach **Herman Holler** in 1959, and they wrote a lot of letters complaining and asking that he and his incompetent aides be gone. They did this gothic by 1961. Of the eight coaches, exactly eight went on to succeed in pro football, five of them becoming NFL head coaches. Beginning from the left, they are Ed Ruzledge, an NFL scout; Howie Schellenberger, head coach at Baltimore; Errol Allen, assistant coach at Dallas; Collier, who succeeded Paul Brown at Cleveland and won an NFL championship; Don Shula, of whom you may have heard; John North, head coach of New Orleans; Bob Crenshaw, his assistant; and Bill Arnberger, who is taking over the New York Giants. Another Collier assistant, Chuck Knox, was on the staff in 1961 but not in 1959. He was just named Coach of the Year following his first season with the



Los Angeles Rams. Fired anybody else lately, Kentucky?

The year 1954 just has to be better than 1973 for **Dave O'Brien**, All-America quarterback for Texas Christian in 1938. When O'Brien turned on his Christmas tree lights on December 21, an explosion resulted, burning down his Fort Worth home and with it the football trophies on display in his den. O'Brien is seeking replacements for his Walter Camp Award, his Maxwell Trophy and his Hall of Fame plaques. Fortunately, his Heisman Trophy was elsewhere: on display in the Texas Hall of Fame.

★ **Johnny Miller**, who was hot on the pro golf circuit but suffering from a cold in the head, took time off after winning his third consecutive tournament to go fishing with his son Aiden, 3. The towheads, not towing in much, fished out father and son things on Santiago Creek near their home in Silverado, Calif.

Alan Bird, the landlord of a pub at Woodhouse, England, has offered a daily free pint of beer in his pub to anyone finding his missing black Labrador. The la-

cals will swallow hard before they relize that bargain. But doesn't it seem that the dog, if a cat's find him by itself, isn't much of a retriever?

Even though he scored 115 points in a recent basketball game, one player not being scored by the pros is **Rich (Per Woe) Kirkland**. Kirkland is not exactly a free agent. Right now he is playing all his games for the federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa. A 6-foot-2-inch from Long Island, he scored the 333 in a 218-47 Amateur League victory over the Lithuanian Club of Shrewsbury, Pa. Kirkland was engaging 39.9 points a game in 10, or, outings, if that's the word for nothing but home games.

In order to watch a pacer named **Cassius Clay**, **Muhammad Ali** took a regic from training and visited Delaware's Brandywine Raceway where the night's feature race was also named for him. As the evening grew late, he worried about that he "should be back in camp, in bed." But his training, and the Modern prohibition of alcohol, already had been symbolically strangled. The winner of the Muhammad Ali Feature Race at

Brandywine was named **Fall Scotch** in the fifth.

The NFL's rushing record behind him, Buffalo Bills' Running Back **O.J. Simpson** headed to Rotonda, Fla. for the second round of the ABC's Superstars competition, and he was worried about a super weakness. He can't stand sports where his feet are not on the ground. He has practiced for the nearly 5,000,000 top prize, figuring he is always in shape and loves to play year round. He will try seven events including the obstacle course, the half-mile run and baseball hitting but will not mount a bike or plunge into a pool. "I want to keep my feet on the ground," he says. It's the safe way to score.

Johnny Bench of the Cincinnati Reds, who admitted that he had no better than an average year for a \$115,000 player, saved as time signing his contract. "Give me your best offer," he told General Manager Bob Howsam, and signed within two minutes, probably for the same \$115,000. One explanation for this behavior? Bench will soon open a restaurant in Cincinnati, named, of course, Johnny Bench's Home Place. If he got indicted he might get his plate cleaned.

Remember Quarterback Jim Weatherly, one of the best Ole Miss passers of all time, riling up there behind Archie Manning, Charlie Connerly and Norm Wesce? The same Jim Weatherly who was not permitted to help coach the Ole Miss freshmen team in 1964 because his hair was too long? Loath to further impair the moral tone of Mississippi, he moved to the West Coast, where he has been making a living by singing and writing songs. His decision to cut records instead of hair may pay off: he is the lyricist of *Neither One of Us*, a big hit for the group Gladys Knight and the Pips.

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Spring. For Jordan. An inside line, a few football stars and more. Two players are named as injured and named line.

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It is past 12 o'clock and the illuminated sign outside the Club Geister offers the only promise of late-night activity on the North Side of Providence, R.I. Inside at the bar, Joe the Hoard, Chuckie Mum and Frankie Stangor are, as usual, deep in a discussion of the neighborhood hero, Ernie DiGregorio, who used to star for Providence College and ran the town from his guard position. They are waiting for DiGregorio's successor, Kevin Stacom, who will tell them how the Friars are going this year. Stacom (it rhymes with take 'em) will be hard to miss. He is tall and skinny and, with a headful of black curls and hauntingly blue eyes, darkly handsome. But he is quiet and shy, too. Probably he would never have won the place were it not for Ernie D., who made Geister's a popular hangout by leading Stacom and Marvin Barnes and other teammates there after playing night ball at the Smith Street playground close by Ernie's home.

"We would sit around for a couple of hours," DiGregorio recalls, "talking to customers who didn't want us to sign autographs or nothing, and knocking each other for laughs— you know, the way guys do to get along."

It was at Geister's that Stacom put away five meatball sandwiches at one sitting, placing him right up there in peer-group respect with Ernie D. The feat was a lot more noticeable than the 18 points a game Stacom was scoring last season alongside his two All-America teammates, Barnes and DiGregorio. Stacom was the invisible man on New England's most successful college basketball team in 25 years. He is anything but invisible now. With DiGregorio and two other starters graduating, this team was not expected to come close to last year's 23-4 record, but at 15-2 it has been running neck and neck with its predecessor.

This evening when Stacom comes through Geister's front door, Hoard and Chickie and Frankie and a couple other regulars are all over him. He is pounded on the back, he cannot pay for a beer and he listens to the old thing about Ernie promising to buy them all new cars with the millions he got for signing with Buffalo. The proprietor, Geister Vernelli, finally steers the conversation to the serious business of athletic socks for his son. "They're 53 a pair at the store," Vernelli says from behind the bar. "I

The sound of quiet Kevin

just thought maybe you could get a better price over at the college," Stacom says he will see what he can do, downs another beer and goes to a table in the back, where he can do what he likes best, talk quietly.

"You really have to try to understand these people," he says. "They are a little weird and there are rumors that some of them are not unknown in the under-world. Just rumors, I think. Take Spook over there, our local Dartmouth-Rutgers character. You can learn something valuable about life from him."

And in that sentence Kevin Stacom sums up his own values. He has been playing basketball almost all his life, but he is always looking, sweeping, questioning—and coming up with answers that are slightly surprising.

Stacom started college at Holy Cross, but when that school adopted a more modest athletic stance he transferred to Providence. After sitting out a season, he jumped directly into the Friars' lineup as the "other" guard and surprised everyone by bettering DiGregorio's junior-year statistics. Some pro teams did not realize Stacom was eligible for the 1973 draft, but the Chicago Bulls did and chose him in the second round; and Denver selected him in the ABA. Neither club could sign him, though, which led to an unusual scouting report.

"Honestly, I tried to tempt Kevin in every way possible," said one scout. "In fact, some of the ways were not all that honest. He wouldn't budge. We would have chosen him in the first round if he had given us the nod, and we were set to pay him a million dollars over those years. Frankly, as much as I wanted to lose him, in these days of greedy kids he was like a breath of fresh air. He'll be a better pro than a college player because of the way he moves without the ball. But what he does with the business of life will be a more interesting story."

The business of life at Geister's eventually palls. Stacom walks back past the bar, reassures Vernelli about the socks, accepts a last beer and heads home to

Chapin Hall, an old hospital wing that now serves as a Providence dormitory.

"Kevin lives alone," says DiGregorio, "but he's not a loner. He just likes his privacy. I'd come into his room sometimes and he'd be reading that Shakespeare book of his. He's pretty quiet, but he seems to be coming out more now."

Coming out a bit, that is. Stacom went to Coach Dave Gavitt this fall and asked to call the team's defensive signals. Gavitt said, "Sure, but I want to be able to hear you."



STACOM'S FLOOR GAME TALKS FOR HIM

Returning to his roots, Stacom plays a Taj Mahal album on his beat-up stereo and talks about religion. A Catholic from a devout Irish family, he mistrusts what he calls "quick-sell religious programs" like the Fellowship of Christian Athletes or Athletes in Action. "Which are packaged with athletics. I'm leery of leaps into faith."

Two of the courses he is taking are Philosophy of Communism and Nietzsche and Christ. "If you can believe that combination," he says. He thinks they are pretty good courses, but says, "We don't even read *The Communist Manifesto* in the first class and some kids ask questions like 'Can Communists go to heaven?' I think they put Christ's name on the second course just so they could teach Nietzsche at a Dominican school. As a kid growing up I had always heard that he was the source of Nazism. That's not true, and Nietzsche was the first to realize his ideas would be diverted. But this is the trouble with being interviewed. A lot of things you'd like to say about yourself, you don't want everybody to know. Maybe it would be better if you didn't write anything about me reading Nietzsche. People will think I'm an intellectual."

When Stacom began playing ball, he was so small that he was forced to develop as an outside shooter rather than a one-on-one player. "He was only 5'3" as a freshman," says Bill O'Meara, his varsity coach at Holy Cross High School in Flushing, N.Y. "But my experience with the Irish is they're late growers. You could already see Kevin's potential and I had a hunch he'd be all legs some day. Besides, Mike Riordan went to high school here and we made the mistake of casting him as a freshman. All he turned out to be was an NBA All-Star."

Stacom is 6'3" now, about perfect for a contemporary guard. But he weighs only 183 pounds, which is imperfect. He makes up for what he lacks in brawn with the speed and stamina he built up during summers dribbling a basketball from his home to the St. John's University gym seven miles away.

"My best time is 65 minutes," he says, "but it usually takes me an hour and a half. The older you get, though, the weirder you look dribbling along. I hear people saying, 'Here he comes again.'"

Last season Stacom's Irish Afro was almost a constant blur, whether he was scoring at the end of the Friars' herring

fast break or getting open without the ball and transforming one of Ernie Dy's scintillating passes into an assist by making the open shot. A .513 marksman, he is so consistent he has been no worse than a shot below .500 in 43 of 48 games at Providence. He also leads the Friars in assists and in a recent seven-day period won three games that were so tense they gave Coach Gavitt severe laryngitis. On a Thursday Stacom drilled in an 18-footer with six seconds left to overcome previously unbeaten Massachusetts 77-36. His DiGregorio-like cross-court assist laid St. Joseph's to rest 67-62 and a long jumper in overtime stopped Boston College on Wednesday 79-77.

Stacom enjoys the two halves of his present life, basketball and school. "You don't have to think strictly like a basketball player just because you play the game," he says. "But it is amazing that I can get up in the morning and just go play ball. Not only that, but get an education by doing it and then make a living at it. There's just something about basketball—somehow I've gained control of something I can't explain."

They can't explain it at the Club Grifter either, but they'll keep sending a beer to the kid at the back table.

THE WEEK

by JOE MARSHALL

WEST While UCLA was renaming its assumed position atop the whole of basketball, two Pacific Eight opponents were studying themselves for what always has been the conference race for second place. Southern Cal journeyed to New York to polish off Seton Hall 79-69 and Fordham 78-66 in Madison Square Garden. Oregon, on the strength of having played more games, took over the conference lead with a come-from-behind 67-61 win over Oregon State. Fouls helped the Ducks cause by limiting the playing time of the Beavers' 6'7" Corinne Shufan to nine minutes and 6'11" Steve Erickson to 11.

Texas disposed of Rice 82-71 and Texas Tech dented Texas A&M 63-61 early in the week to raise the Longhorns' and Red Raiders' conference records to 3-0 and to set their battle for first place in the Southwest Conference. Surprise of the league after winning only one of a dozen nonconference games, Texas made it a fight on the strength of Larry Robinson's 38 points, his career

high (and six more than he scored against Rice). Tech won, though, 85-81 thanks to a couple of reserves. Steve Trnack, who hit a pair of four throws to put Tech ahead 82-80 with 16 seconds remaining, and Phil Binley, who 20 seconds later availed the victory with a layup.

Texas-El Paso took over first place in the Western Athletic Conference with a 5-2 league mark after beating Colorado State 55-52 and Wyoming 68-38. With four seconds left St. Mary's Rudy Carey collided with the Miners' Ben Bauman as Carey was going for the potential winning basket. While both men wore gaily expressions, the referee gave the foul to Carey—and the game to UTEP. "Ben's quite an actor," said CSU's Coach Jim Williams. Arizona State moved into second place at 4-2 by snapping a 10-game home winning streak for Utah, scoring 16 straight first-half points on the way to an 82-76 victory. Two days before, the Sun Devils had converted only 12 of 48 second-half field-goal attempts in losing to Brigham Young 89-71. New Mexico, which had lost three straight, showed renewed vigor by beating conference foes Wyoming 91-88 and Colorado State 54-49.

Long Beach State, still smarting over its narrow loss to Marquette, thrashed UC Irvine 82-38 and Northern Illinois 106-71. Guard Rick Allery had nine assists in an eight-minute span for the 49ers during the second half against UC Irvine, then came back with a school-record 15 in Long Beach made NU in 11st consecutive home-court victory. Houston continued its domination of Nevada-Las Vegas, beating the favored Rebels 73-72, for the sixth straight time. With 22 points of the first half and 27 in the 2nd, the Cougars' Louis Dunder had the largest hand in ending the Rebels' modest home-court winning streak at eight. Hawaii lost its first home game of the season 86-85 to St. Mary's, but came back the next night to stop the Gauchos 89-68.

S. UTEA (10-1) S. LONG BEACH ST. (10-2)

SOUTH Excitement was high last week in Chapel Hill, where North Carolina's Tar Heels took on their ACC archrivals, N.C. State and Maryland. Five freshman women headed a line of students that started lining up 20 hours early in 20° weather to obtain dance tickets to the State game. One even brought her TV set so as not to miss "my favorite soap opera." Unfortunately, the anticipation for overtime the event, State led by as many as 13 points in the first half and when the Tar Heels finally narrowed the margin to two with 38 seconds left, 57½" Wolfpack Guard Means Towe settled the outcome with a broken-field dribbling display that ate up 79 seconds before North Carolina could finish. The 83-80 win was Coach Norm Sloan's sixth in a row.

over the Tar Heels. North Carolina, which has never lost two consecutive games played in Carmichael Auditorium, showed its heels in Maryland's Terrapins three later in the week. Maryland had prepped for the shootout by downing Catholics 85-73 in Tom Ray virtually shut out the Golden Griffins' Larry Fogle, the nation's leading scorer, holding him to five for 18 from the field before fouling out late in the game. But none of the Terrapins could step 4'4" Tar Heel Guard Durrell Elston, who had scored 23 points against State and then sparked North Carolina's 82-73 win over Maryland by hitting his first nine shots from the floor. North Carolina bombed Maryland with 18 baskets shot from 15 feet or more.

Alabama and Vanderbilt continued to set the pace in the SEC. The Tide had a rough time with Kentucky, trailing by 11 points in the first half before pulling out an 81-77 victory. Sophomore Center Leon Douglas scored 24 points and pulled down 11 rebounds for Alabama. After that, Alabama rebounded, outscoring Georgia Tech 82-83 and Georgia 86-71. In a breach of etiquette, Coach C. M. Newton even admitted that his team did not practice for Tech. Vanderbilt also was twice by comfortable margins, although it had a scare. Led by the corner shooting of Jeff Foran (20 points) and Jan van Breda Kolff (18) and the keyhole work of Terry Compton (19), the Commodores scored an emphatic 82-65 win over Tennessee on the Vols' home floor. But the team was concerned over van Breda Kolff, who complained of a shortness of breath after the game and the next day found himself getting winded "just walking." Doctors diagnosed a partially collapsed lung. The Commodores worried the rest of the week whether their star center would be able to play against Mississippi on Saturday. Much ado about nothing. With van Breda Kolff scoring six of his team's first 12 points, Vandy led almost the entire way and won handily 71-56.

Craigh Hugh Durham of Florida State can be accused if he felt a certain sense of almost-instant replay in the final 10 seconds of the game against Jacksonville. Last week against South Florida, Seminole Guard Carlton Byrd missed the free half of a one-and-one situation with his team leading by two points and just nine seconds left. South Florida tied the game and won by a point in overtime. This week there were 30 seconds left and another two-point margin when Byrd got his one-and-one opportunity. He responded this time by making both for a 78-74 win. Durham rushed onto the court and kissed him.

The two best teams in Georgia met in Statesboro and Georgia Southern upped its record to 12-4 with a 94-83 win over Mercer. Mercer is now 13-4.

1. N.C. STATE (12-1) 2. N. CAROLINA (12-2)

EAST

Penn. won its fifth straight Big Five championship in Philadelphia with a 4-0 mark when it downed Villanova 83-61. The Quakers, who after some early-season losses went to the methodical, work-in-sound offense that had served them so well for years, suddenly changed form again, going to the boards and running with effectiveness. True, they turned the ball over 25 times, but as Coach Chuck Daly pointed out, "If you can play with fire, you don't have to be technically correct."

Catholic beat La Salle 89-81. Larry Fogle got just 22 points this time, but his coach, John Morrison, said the sophomore forward had "his best game yet." Playing in borrowed basketball shoes (the team managers had left his behind), Fogle got 19 rebounds, drew seven fouls, broke the La Salle press and played well on defense. "We want the NIT," said teammate Mike Roberts. "And Larry is giving up points to get on there." At the start Catholic acted as if it were going nowhere. La Salle scored 23 straight points to take a whopping 25-2 lead, but then a seldom-used nerve, Mike Walton, came in to get some key baskets and settle the Golden Griffins down.

Despite its woes, La Salle still ranked with St. Joseph's as unbeaten in the Eastern Division of the Middle Atlantic Conference. St. Joseph's won twice over conference opponents, defeating Drexel 76-50 and American University 62-49. American had won eight of its previous nine games but St. Joe's out-rebounded the Eagles 33-25 and with a nearly 40-point lead concentrated on taking only high-percentage shots. The Hawks later beat nonconference Xavier 77-71 while American rallied to beat West Chester 47-38.

St. John's drubbed Temple 64-49 and Dartmouth 75-62. Temple, obviously missing Joe Anderson, who was suspended for missing practice, failed to hit 66 18 of its first 24 shots and 12 of its first 17 in the second half. Syracuse displayed some muscle in pounding Bucknell 110-33 and Massachusetts 75-68, and Pittsburgh made it 15 in a row by beating rival Penn State 83-61.

1. PROVIDENCE (12-3) 2. PITTSBURGH (10-1)

MIDWEST

Sixth-ranked Marquette finally got a taste of some real competition and barely survived sixth-ranked Long Beach State despite an astonishing statistical advantage. The Warriors took 80 shots to Long Beach State's 33 and committed just 16 turnovers to State's 31, but shot a dismal 29.0 to keep the contest close. The 48ers fumbled the ball all the way to the finish. Given one last chance to seal the game into overtime, they assured themselves of defeat 54-52 with their 31st turnover. Long Beach Coach Lute Olson summed it up: "I didn't think either team deserved a ranking tonight." The Warriors

had an earlier time with Loyola of Chicago, crushing to a 71-54 win.

Purdue and Michigan, at the start of the week the only two teams left undefeated in the Big Ten, fought it out for first place and football has seldom been more bruising. Fifty-five fouls were called. 31 against Michigan and 24 against Purdue. The Wolverines lost four starters on fouls, the Boomersakers, three, before Purdue won the way, 85-84, in overtime. To do it Purdue had to dig itself out of a big hole for the third time in five conference games. With only three minutes left Michigan led by 12, but with eight seconds on the clock a short jump shot by Purdue Center John Garrett tied the game at 79-79. Then substitute Guard Mike Smith continued on both ends of a one-and-one foul with 1:18 remaining in overtime to give Purdue sole possession of first place. Later in the week the Boomersakers threw a scare into North Carolina State by surging off to a 35-point lead, but State's David Thompson ignited a second-half rally that sank Purdue 86-81. Michigan, perhaps still in shock, frittered away a 13-point first-half lead and needed a field goal from Canny Russell with 41 seconds left to send its game with Iowa into overtime. And then the Wolverines had to overcome a four-point deficit in the extra period to win 86-84. Indiana and Wisconsin stayed in the race with easy wins, the Hoosiers taking advantage of 37 turnovers to beat Northwestern 82-51 and Wisconsin, which led at halftime by 17 points, holding off an Ohio State rally for a 99-84 victory.

Kansas and Oklahoma played for the Big Eight lead and the game was tied 21 times. It might still be tied but for the Jayhawks' Rick Stoltz, who had a career high of 31 points and scored 14 of Kansas' last 18, including 10 in a row. The Jayhawks scored the final eight points to overcome a five-point Seawar lead and win 82-79. Defending champion Kansas State missed into second place by beating Nebraska 73-65 and Iowa State 82-66. Earlier in the week Kansas was just edged by No. 1 Notre Dame 76-74.

Cincinnati won three times, beating Drake 73-67, Northwestern Illinois 109-75 and Brown 95-71. And hints from Coach Ken Trickett that pressure from evangelist Oral Roberts would cause him to resign at the end of the season, Oral Roberts University broke the 100-point mark for the fourth time in its last five games, crushing Lamar 109-75 and Pan American 107-90. Southern Illinois retired Walk Frazier's jersey and, perhaps inspired by the former star's presence, beat Florida State 77-73. The Saks also downed Indiana State 84-79 before blowing an eight-point lead to lose to Creighton 67-64. Earlier in the week Creighton had beaten Bradley 79-53 and St. Louis 60-34 and now has won nine of its last 10 starts.

1. NOTRE DAME (10-1) 2. MARQUETTE (10-1)

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He's no Man of the Year to his partner

The International Bridge Press Association recently announced its choice of André Lemaître of Belgium as the winner of the 1973 Goren award, designating him the bridge Man of the Year. And who is Lemaître? While working with the U.S. Army in Germany after World War II, he reintroduced contract bridge and helped organize the German Bridge Federation. He writes a bridge column for a leading Belgian newspaper, contributes to various bridge magazines, serves as an officer of the World Bridge Federation, is chief of the bridge laws committee in Belgium, undertook to organize the record-breaking 1973 European Bridge Championship and, during that tournament, was elected president of the European Bridge League. At the same time he has been more formally occupied as a director of a company that designs and oversees fire-prevention systems for new high-rise buildings in Belgium.

*Neither side vulnerable
North dealer*



On the occasion of his award I asked Lemaître to recall for me one of his best hands. "In my 30-year bridge career, I must have played one hand magnificently, but I remember only the bad ones," he replied. Whereupon he cited this deal from the 1957 German Open Team Championship, one of the numerous tournaments he has won. Before reading on, you may wish to cover the East-West cards and decide how you as South would play to make six diamonds against a heart opening—even though neither the German team nor Lemaître's reached this stimulating contract.

When the Germans held the North-South cards they were playing a variation of the Vienna Club System. West turned to North after the opening bid shown in the diagram and said, "I am going to pass, but what is the meaning of the two-no-trump bid?" North answered, "It announces a very strong hand and is a forcing bid. And I pass!"

South won the heart opening, cashed five diamond tricks and led the ace and another club. East won dummy's jack with the king and knocked out declarer's remaining high heart. South was then able to cash his club queen and spade ace to make four no trump, but since he had bid only two it appeared to South that the loss of the game bonus of 300 points would be costly to the German team. "And," South gloomed, "I could even have made a small slam in diamonds."

Do you see how? Assuming the same heart opening (nothing else is better for the defense), South wins, draws the opposing trumps and leads the queen of clubs! If East refuses to win, declarer cashes the club ace, ruffs a club in dummy and takes a winning spade finesse, giving up one spade trick at the end. Alternatively, if East wins the queen of clubs with the king, he sets up dummy's jack as an entry. Now declarer can successfully finesse the 10 of spades, return to the table by trumping his ace of clubs and take another spade finesse to bring home the slam.

Alas, the German team had no need to worry. When Lemaître picked up North's assortment of garbage as the dealer at the other table, he decided on a psychic bid. He opened one diamond, which in his methods would show a hand of 10 to 12 points. But it was his partner's psyche that suffered. She bid six no trump, got the same heart lead and made the same 10 tricks that were collected at the other table, for a loss of 100 points.

"What should I have done?" she asked Lemaître. "I thought you had 10 points."

"In this case," Lemaître sheepishly replied, "I think you should have bid seven no trump and gone down three." ■■■

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XEROX



A sailing bloodhound on a trail

Clearly fast counts for anything in this America's Cup year, score points for Ted Turner, helmsman of the 12-meter *Maverick* now shuddering as a potential cup defender. First the salty Atlantan defeated this hemisphere's best One Ton racing fleet ever in the North American championships and in a borrowed boat. Then he received kudos as Martin & Rossi's Yachtsman of the Year for 1971. This week he sails into the Southern Ocean Racing Conference series in his own One-Tonner (page 44), which finished second overall a year ago.

So Turner has some momentum going, while the man assumed to be his chief opponent for the defense berth, Bob Basser, skipper of *Conquestor*, bides his time and lets the headlines fall where they may. It was Basser who did some of the most wondrous catch-up sailing in cup trail history back in 1964 by taking over *Confession* and routing the favored *American Eagle*, so Turner may need all the foot he can fetch.

In the One Ton, sailed off St. Petersburg, Turner displayed the oceanic sea sense that has been his forte. The mystery was not that he hopped into a strange boat and won, but that twilight one-handed racing had taken so long to catch on in the United States. For years Europeans have enjoyed it, as have Australians and New Zealanders. Yet until recently America disdained it, preferring rulebook events like the Southern circuit, the Bermuda race and the Transpac. In Honolulu, classless racing belonged to the small-boat boys.

But suddenly in St. Petersburg it became big time. Said a crewman who had sailed in last year's world One Ton championship off Sardinia, "The competition over there was hot, but nothing like what we have here. There are 20 boats that could win."

It should be made clear at once that One Ton does not mean that each boat weighs a ton, but that when such things as sail area, hull dimensions, and maybe the captain's hat size are fed into a computer, each boat must figure out to a certain numerical rating, for which One Ton is sailing shorthand. At St. Petersburg boats ranged in length from 32 feet to 39, displacements ran from 11,500 pounds up to 22,000. Though varied, the boats were all equal under the rules, so they raced without the complicated handicap ratings, necessary as they are,

that clutter up conventional events.

Turner dropped *Rohie*, a sloop designed by the Marblehead sailmaker Ted Hood, instead of his own tiller-steered *Leekia* because *Rohie* is wheel-steered like a 12-meter and Turner wanted to begin to regain his touch at a wheel. He also wanted to cement a working relationship with Hood, whose sail-walk outfit, *Myrier*. Aboard *Rohie* with Turner was an all-star lineup that will move on to *Maverick*, including Hood's aide Robby Doyle and, in the sensitive and demanding navigator position, the esteemed Rich DuMoulin.

Rohie is not just any old job with a couple of strings to pull. Among other fancy gadgets she has a centerboard that not only slides up and down but also side to side, a rudder that lifts and a special, bendy mast. Annoyed against her were custom and stock boats to delight a connoisseur. There were, for example, two sloops designed by young Doug Peterson, the bearded Californian who, operating on a shoestring, had come close to winning the Sardinia world title with *Gentare*. These *Gentare* look-alikes were *County Woman* and *Mazez Tronzer*, the latter—a new but past had hardly dried—with one of America's most accomplished skippers, Lowell North, in the cockpit. At St. Petersburg, alas, the One Ton did not provide much of the heating and running the *Gentares* need in.

The novelty of the fleet was *Terravit*, a 35-footer painted Porsche silver, with her name in screaming yellow script on each side. To port and starboard were a pair of bigboards, the work of Designer Bruce King. When the boat is heeled the forward board is lowered, but not at a normal vertical plane as the boat, instead,

the board drops more or less straight down, perpendicular to the water's surface—an ideal angle in relation to the heeled hull.

Off slowly as Turner & Co. began to get to know her, *Rohie* finished eighth in the opening 30-mile race, then fourth in a 116-mile jaunt. But in the next event, another short one, Turner ripped through the 23-hour fleet to finish first by more than a minute.

Now came a 240-mile haul to Sanibel Island and back, and in thick fog and woggy air the fleet set out under spinnakers beneath the Skyway Bridge across Tampa Bay. It vanished into the mark and was not seen again until 2½ days later when out of the dark, hand on the wind, appeared Turner and *Rohie*.

"We went at it with the idea, 'Let's keep every boat under,'" said Turner. "It was watch the sails, watch the helm, don't let him get by. We did our best at night when the others began to relax."

To keep their behind Turner first had to get ahead. *America's Jewel II*, a Southman & Stephens design, and *Mazzy Towner* turned out to be stubborn front-runners. Through the first day and all that night sails were changed furiously on *Rohie* and she slowly narrowed the gap. Then the wind died and the trailing fleet drifted down on the frustrated leaders. Heading home from Sanibel the wind picked up a little and *Rohie*, inch by inch, mile by mile, her skipper ordering sheet adjustments and mending the helm with the perfectionism for which he is famous, finally overtook *America's Jewel* and *Mazzy Towner*. Said Turner: "We chased 'em down like bloodhounds."

After four races *Rohie* stood first with 115.75 points, *America's Jewel* second with 104, *County Woman* third with 103.75 and *Terravit* fourth with 100.00. The fifth and final event took the fleet three times around a triangular nine-mile course, with a final leg to windward, and *Rohie* needed to finish no worse than 13th to clinch the championship. She started poorly but finished well enough—a safe sixth—in shelling 10-to-12-knot breezes as *America's Jewel* stole second place in the championships from *Terravit* by a mere 1.12 points.

The lesson of St. Petersburg was that nobody steals from Turner, especially in a year when he has bloodhound instincts and the America's Cup scent is in the wind.

END

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DATSUN

Gathering of giant killers

Armed with \$500 weapons, the slingshots of the sport set their sights on national titles, and some were deadly in last weekend's showdown

Sierra was in town for a week. Las Vegas was choked with fans whose hobble-socks had been replaced with support panty hose. And if that weren't enough, Elvis was there, too. The 500 archers and slingshooters gathered at the Las Vegas Convention Center for the annual Desert Inn Archery Classic barely made a dent in the slot-machine noise and billboard illumination.

The archers were busy stringing their compound bows. Rube Goldberg affairs of steel, high-impact polystyrene, gears, pulleys, wires and strings. Tonto would have had to be a graduate mechanical engineer. The sophistication of sights, stabilizer bars, release mechanisms, the 100-plus varieties of heads, feathers and arrow shafts was stunning. It was a canonization of hysterical technology.

And the slingshooters were not to be outdone. We all share some Norman Rockwell nostalgia for the simple apple-wood branch that a freckle-faced kid carried around in the back pocket of his bib overalls. It was fitted with a strand of tractor-tire inner tube, and with a Little Bobby Nostalgia would plunk away with pebbles, shooting rusty tin cans, sparrows on stamps, an occasional cat and the prime target of all junior slingshot freaks: the white glass insulators on telephone poles. Not only is the rustic slingshot a thing of the past, the glass insulator is gone, too.

Perhaps it was the lack of old-fashioned targets that led to the development of the modern, streamlined slingshot, or perhaps it was the "better mousetrap" madness peculiar to America. By 1860 a man named Williams patented the first metal crutch for slingshots, and the Los Angeles ordinance of 1861 "prohibiting everybody except officers of the law from carrying a pistol, dirk, sword or slingshot" is public testimony to the power of the weapon.

Finally in 1954 a major change was

made in slingshot design; a wrist brace was added. The slingshot of old was a wobbly affair at best, and the use of a brace, a tubular metal structure that fits over the forearm, gives the shooter a new world of control. Also in 1954 slingshot sighting devices were patented. The slingshot had come of age as a weapon for small game and had gained enough accuracy to become a target-shooting instrument for competition.

But it was not until last year that C. A. (Chuck) Saunders established the National Slingshot Tournament. It was a success, and this year's contest had over 100 entrants, in men's, women's and six youth divisions. Nearly all of the contestants were also archers, for the slingshot employs the same shooting concept as the bow—it relies on the kinetic energy stored in elastic, bendable material to hurl a projectile. The slingshots themselves resembled nothing very earthy. A basic \$4.50 Saunders Falcon II hunting sling can be customized for competition target shooting with many accessories. Some of the slings in the tournament cost in excess of \$100. Little Bobby Nostalgia now needs a substantial allowance to get down to business.

The slingshots were fitted with archery sights, stabilizer bars that stuck three feet out in front of the sling, a draw check (a small mirror in which the shooter checked that his hand was in the proper position in the hollow of his cheek) and a bow level. The ammunition was also standardized—one-half-inch steel balls of 120 grains made airtight to the tolerance level of fine ball bearings.

The most difficult task for Saunders had been to design a suitable competition target. "It took almost a year to get this thing working right," he said, "but it really goes well now." The target resembled the starter's countdown lights in drag racing. Instead of colored lights, there were plastic discs arranged in two



LOU SHINE WAS BRILLIANT AS ALWAYS

vertical rows of six each. They were 3½ inches in diameter. As one was hit, it swung back on a rocker arm, setting up the cup on the opposite side.

With 20 shooters on the line at one time the sound was like hard rain on a tent flap. The adult competitors stood 25 feet from the target, and their scores were computed as in archery—they shot 60 balls, five a round or "end," scoring five points for each hit. A perfect score was 300, which brought into focus Saunders' desire that slingshooting become as popular as bowling. "We're making these targets for home use now," he said. "So that slingshots can become a family sport." From the intensity on the shooting line, counterpointed by the hysterical giggles of a middle-aged man who kept saying between shots and sips of beer, "I can't believe it! This is the National!" it was difficult to imagine the family having fun down in the basement with slingshots. Saunders admitted that many slingshots are sold as "warrior weapons" to householders who want to keep their neighbor's sheep-dog out of the wisteria or to kill rats. This may be sporting in principle, but certainly more time-consuming than warfaring.

Yet most of Saunders' sales are to hunters and kids. Norman Ekidahl, a 48-year-old carpenter from Concord, Calif.,

PHOTOGRAPH BY

and last year's tournament winner, has been an avid archer for years. "I carry a slingshot with me when I'm bow hunting," Ekdahl said. "I went to British Columbia to hunt moose with bow and arrow and took my slingshot, too. Then if I saw a squirrel or rabbit I could just lay down the bow and pick it off with the sling. It's good for camp meat." Ekdahl is a terror with a slingshot. He scored a 280 in last year's event, missing only four of 60 targets. The possibility of perfect scores became too great with Ekdahl's achievement, prompting Saunders to use smaller targets this time.

And the women have steady aim, too. "When's the last time you saw something like this on a 55-year-old grandmother," asked Lou Shine, flexing a baked-potato-sized bicep. With 21 years in archery, and her two National Field Archery wins in 1962 and 1967, Lou Shine is one of the fixtures of such contests. She handily won the women's slingshot championship last year. "It's almost exactly like archery,"

she explained. "When Saunders figured out that the sling should be held sideways, using the top fork for a sight, it became just like pulling a bow. You use the same principles of drawing, aiming, release and follow-through." Of the \$150 first prize in the women's division (top money was \$100 for the men), she said stoically, "A hundred and fifty bucks for an hour's work is O.K. by me."

Andre Nefms, 13, a local Las Vegas boy, was one of the tournament's first winners, clinching his division with a near-perfect 295. (He shot from 15 feet.) "Can I get one of the new Falcon 300s instead of the trophy?" he begged Chuck Saunders. "A trophy's no good. It just sits there in your room. With a better weapon I can get ready for next year's tournament." Andre is a slingshot hunter. He goes after quail mostly, with an occasional pheasant thrown in. If he turned mean, he could wipe out the local S.P.C.A. inside of a week.

The contest also attracted a lunar

fringe, a subculture of slingshooters from unlikely locations and clubs. There was Jerry Beagle, a young veteran from Walled Lake, Mich. "Back home at the Multi-Lakes Conservation Club we've had league slingshooting for 10 years," he said. "We've got men's and ladies', and we've got handigans and a once-a-month banquet night and everything." But Beagle scored badly, perhaps overawed by the high-powered archers and shooters in the contest. They'll be hearing about this one for a long time in the Multi-Lakes clubhouse.

There may be no full moon in Las Vegas, but it was hard to tell by listening to Gary Hermicker, 23, of Topoka. Gary is the vice-president, no less, of the Topoka Primitive Weapons Club. "All we allow are slingshot, blowgun, longbow, crossbow, bola and throwing knife," he said. "And we have contests. The widest is the blowgun. It's about five feet long with a 3½-inch needle. Man, you get a mouse with that, and it's got it." But how

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Plus 2nd Prize

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Plus 2nd Prize
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The contest plodded along at a leisurely pace, in keeping with the mood of slingshooting. Some of the more dedicated competitors turned the shooting into a slow-motion ballet of breathing, rests, pauses and brow-knitting concentration. It was not great spectator sport. Perhaps Sanders' vision of family slingshooting is right. The beer-drinking contestant had by this time sunk to his knees in a fit of guffaws, looking at the sling-shot in his hand as if he did not know what it was.

Next to him on the shooting line was Gale Cavellin of Costa Mesa, Calif., a business administration student at Orange Coast College. Gale was bearing down. He was using a Flash Gordon slingshot, a three-foot stabilizing wand with a Day-Glo plastic ball on the tip, stainless-steel stabilizing bars under the handle, a \$68 archery sight, and the beefed-up surgical tubing that has replaced inner tubes, turning his slingshot

into a 46-pound-pell weapon. It weighed 18 pounds. It took him 10 minutes to shoot his five balls in each round. Gale finished with a respectable 255. He led the contest at this point, but there were three rounds to go and the fearless Norri Ekdahl had yet to shoot.

There was speculation about the defending champion's sore shoulder and whether he would show up with some fabulous modifications on his slingshot. In 1973 Ekdahl won with an improved Falcon II. But this time it looked like technology really would triumph over the natural-ability lovers. Ekdahl arrived finally—with no slingshot at all. He would just use one of the mury that Sanders provided, thank you. He puffed contentedly on his pipe, waiting his turn, then hefted and fired out of the sweater slings and said he'd wear his maroon corduroy hat while he shot, just for luck. High scores from previous rounds collected to watch Ekdahl work. He stepped to the line and fired his five shots in a min-

ute and a half. A perfect score. He sat quietly smoking while the breath types ventilated and waited for his next "end."

Like Grise and Cvenka, Norri Ekdahl and Lou Shier were to repeat as champions. Lou shot a tough 170 in the women's division, and Ekdahl finished with a strong 260. Practice, ability and the natural approach had triumphed over the NASA-quality, sophisticated slingshots. The compound-hoop people matured and moved off to work on their machinery with sets of jeweler's jacks.

Perhaps there is something to that story in the First Book of Samuel. David didn't take Goliath with a slingshot or his day's variant thereof. He just knocked him down. He gave him the coup de grace with a sword. If we were to translate that Biblical message into contemporary slingshot terms, we might say, "Don't think you can exhaust the limits of the possible by machinery." However, next year, who knows, it may be a whole new slingshot. **END**

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When I was in high school, my peer group said I was conceited, but that was just jealousy. I really am quite modest, but my personality is an outgrowth of my early childhood when I was so uptight, hyper and introverted that I was just ruined. Whenever normal was, I was minus-five. Now I have to project a plus-five as an extrovert just to get even."

The speaker is Dwight Stones who, in his campaign to maintain a profile higher than his world-record high jump, is given to extravagant flights of self-analysis. However, his self-proclaimed introversion is perhaps a matter of interpretation. In the fourth grade Stones built a jumping pit in the front yard of his Highland Park, Calif. home. "I could have built it in the backyard," he says, "but no one could see me there. It's no fun when no one can see you." Actually, Stones' immodesty is more the expression of wonder than the making of applause. He is, for example, fascinated by the fact that through his freshman year at college he progressed almost six inches a year from his best of 5'4" as an eighth-grader. It intrigues him that he has leaped seven feet or better on 150 occasions. The mention of his world record of 7'6½", which *Track and Field News* called the Outstanding Performance of 1973, evokes a wistful "Golly." Stones fascinates Stones, not without reason.

There is also the mitigating factor of age. Last Dec. 6 Stones turned 30. "It's a

lot of ways I'm not as mature as a normal 20-year-old," he says, "especially with my mouth. I mess up often enough to hurt my image. But in other ways, because of my travel and experiences, I'm more mature than any 20-year-old I know. I have to concentrate on my personal life the way I do on the high jump."

Stones' personality may gall many, but no one can complain about his demeanor before, and over, the bar. Coach Tom Jennings of the Pacific Coast Club, for which he competes, says, "Stones has his technique down perfectly. If he misses a jump, it's usually because he didn't put enough into it." Stones puts on an elaborate enough prejump show. He walks up to the right standard, raises his right leg and claps it to his chest while gazing intently at the heavens. He lovingly puts his hands in several places, shakes a finger at the bar as though admonishing it to stay put and waves his right hand as if conducting a small orchestra whose music only he can hear.

A flopper, the 6'5", 173-pound Stones is a fanatical defender of the style. "One regret I have," he says, "is that I've never met [Valery] Brumel. He strikes terror into the hearts of his opposition. If I can do for the flop what he did for the straddle, if I can remain a force with my technique, then I'll accomplish what I want to in track and field. I'm convinced that the flop is a much more natural, logical, normal technique, the best way to correlate maximum speed with the right amount of strength. When all goes right, it's a great feeling. I feel that there is this one small tube that you flow through over the bar and float right down. Sometimes three steps before the bar I know I'll make it."

Usually Stones' forecasts considerably precede his last three steps, and if he is to be chided for being cocky, the blame lies with his accuracy. "I've always known I was going to be a complete success," he says in one of those appalling confessions that make his friends wince. "I knew I'd be a great high jumper. I told the kids on my high school team that I'd make the Olympic team, and they just laughed and laughed. I also was convinced, just convinced, that I'd be the world-record holder before the '76 Games."

Now only Stones is laughing. Last summer in Munich, returning to the scene of his bronze-medal finish in the



BEFORE LEAVING, STONES LOOKS INTENT

'72 Games, he soared 2.30 meters to shatter Pat Matzoldi's old standard by three-eighths of an inch.

"I'm a predictor of marks," he says. "I know when a good jump is coming, and every time I've predicted one I've made it or exceeded it." Stones showed up uninvited at the Los Angeles track writers' luncheon one day last June and with his customary blarney promised he would jump 7'5" to win the AAU championships. Five days later he jumped 7'5" to win the AAU championships.

"People who know me rib me about my cockiness," Stones said the night before he competed in New York's Millrose Games last week. "I have three personalities. One is the way I wish I could be all the time, the way I am right now—relaxed, confident, matter-of-fact. Two is when I'm with the team, being sarcastic, cutting people up, generally cynical. We really get carried away with that. Three is when I'm concentrating on a jump. I can get so involved I don't hear people call my name. When I'm intense, I'm hyper, but it's hard to produce if you aren't."

Strangely, Stones says he could not produce during his "introversive" period for the same reason. Through one year of military school and 3½ in a parochial school he was an athletic bust. "I had

no confidence in anything I did even when I knew I could do it," he says. "Glendale High School was different, but not a great deal happier. Glendale has some very rich people whose kids are very spoiled. As a result, everyone is trying to get into that top group and it's put-down city. The kids who don't excel get beaten back. It was an unhappy time in my life because of put-downs from friends, and the ironic thing was that the only reason I wanted to attain the level I did was to please that group."

Stones was raised by his mother, who teamed up with Coach John Barnes to ensure that Dwight's senior year would be a success. "That one summer everything changed completely," he says. "They convinced me I had the tools. It was a case of 'You better start going and do the job because there isn't much time left.' Barnes made me work but he wouldn't let me jump for two months. The first time I did I went 6'5" and I knew I was going to be O.K."

As a senior Stones won the 1971 California state meet with a national interscholastic record of 7'1½". This earned him a short-lived scholarship to UCLA. At Westwood, Stones and Coach Jim Bush became mutually disenchanted over jobs and classroom work, a situation that reached a breaking point in June 1972 when the athletic department wanted Stones to improve his grades in summer school.

Stones, of course, had planned to devote the summer to improving his jumping in the Olympic Trials and at Munich. "That's part of the reason why I wasn't cutting it in class," he says. "I was putting everything I had into jumping. I said, 'I know I'm going to make the Olympic team,' and they said, 'Yeah, but why don't we make provisions for summer school in case you don't make it.' I didn't want to hear that kind of negative talk."

Stones is now enrolled at Glendale City College, "but I'm working toward nothing at all," he says. "I'm just there to break the national JC record. I won't do well in school until I have to get a degree to get a job. Until I'm under the gun, I won't do it. I'd eventually like to be in sportscasting or some kind of public relations where I'm promoting a concept, a product or a theory. I'd go to sportscasting school gladly, but I can't see taking a bunch of unrelated courses and wasting all that time. I'd like some-



A FLOPPER BUT NO FLOP, STONES CLEARS 7-2 TO WIN AT THE MILLROSE GAMES

thing where my achievements in sports would get me an in. I've always been a salesman. I could sell ice to Eskimos if my survival depended on it."

It is more than probable that Stones had a lot to do with selling 15,571 tickets to the Millrose meet, where he was advertised as a threat to Brunel's world indoor record of 7'4½". And with good reason, since Stones had jumped 7'4¼" in Los Angeles to break the American indoor record the weekend before. On Friday at Madison Square Garden, he hoped to hit 7'5", but he would not flat-out predict it. "I've jumped here twice and won at 7'2" both times," he said. "I'm definitely going for the record, but my workouts this week were bothered a little by the weather."

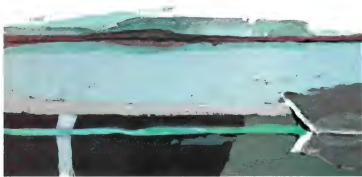
Much to the disgust of the straddlers, the Millrose officials bent over backward to help Stones. The pit was positioned so that he and the other floppers who approached the bar from the right side had a longer runway and a more favorable angle. Appraising the bar at 7'5" eight hours before the meet, Stones said, "That's it. It looks high but it will be better tonight with some faces in the background and seeing some heads above the bar. That brings it down."

The previous night Stones had said, "My lucky number is supposed to be

three, and a lot of strange things have cropped up in my life. The first time I competed in the CIF [California Interscholastic Federation] I was third in the third division and got 6'3" on my third jump. I jumped 7'3" in the Olympic Trials and 7'3" in the Games. My world record came on my third jump. As a result, I've become really good on third jumps. I think of it as an advantage rather than as a pressure situation."

So it was at the Garden. Stones had a miss at seven feet, which could have landed him in third place, before he won at 7'2" on his third attempt. A few hours later he caught a plane for Portland, Ore., where again the number three cropped up, but this time less happily. Psyched out by a takeoff area that allowed him eight instead of his customary 10 steps, Stones finished third (Tom Woods of Oregon State won at 7'2¼") with a leap of 6'10". And then it was right back across the country again for the Philadelphia Track Classic and yet another record try.

As for the more distant future, Stones says, "I've been saying since August that 2.40 meters [7'10½"] is my goal. That's when I got the metric system figured out. I'm four inches from that, and I figure I can get it by the time I'm 24. And if I do, what's another inch and a half." [It's some kind of eight-foot flop.] **END**



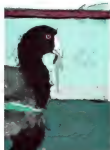


Signature

*She had to be crazy
as a coot, some
might have said, to
be abroad in this
frozen land. But it was
the best of times
along a Virginia creek*

Footfalls in a Blue Ridge Winter

by ANNIE DILLARD



CONTINUED

It's getting to be winter proper; the cold weather, such as it is, has come to stay. For me the first sign of winter is always the same: it is the jolt I get when I look at the sky, remembering all other winter skies and realizing with shock that I'd forgotten this one fine thing about winter once again.

Today a gibbous moon marked the eastern sky like a smudge of chalk. The shadows of its features had the same blue tone and light value as the sky itself, so it looked transparent in its depths, or softly frayed, like the heel of a sock. Not too long ago, Edwin Way Teale says, the people of Europe believed that geese and swans wintered there, on the moon's pale seas. Now it is sunset. The mountains warm in tone in the day chills, and a hot blush deepens over the land. "Observe," said da Vinci, "observe in the streets at twilight, when the day is cloudy, the loveliness and tenderness spread on the faces of men and women." I have seen those faces when the day is cloudy, and I have seen at sunset on a clear winter day houses, ordinary houses, whose bricks were coals and windows flame.

At dusk every evening an extended flock of starlings appears out of the northern sky and winds toward the setting sun. It is the winter day's major event. Late yesterday I climbed across Tinker Creek, through the steers' pasture, beyond the grassy island and up a high hill. Curiously, the best vantage point on the hill was occupied by a pile of burnt books. I opened some of them carefully: they were good cloth- and leather-bound novels, a complete, charmed set of encyclopedias decades old, and old, watercolor-illustrated children's books. They flaked in my hands like pieces of papyrus. Today I learned that the owners of the house behind the books had suffered a fire. But I didn't know that then; I thought they'd suffered a terrible fit of pique. Anyway, I crouched beside the books and looked over the valley.

On my right a woods thickly over-

grown with creeper descended to the creek. To my left was a planting of large shade trees on the ridge. Before me the grassy hill pitched abruptly and gave way to a level field fringed in trees where it bordered the creek. Beyond I could see with effort the vertical sliced rock where men had long ago quarried the mountain under the forest. Beyond that I saw Hollins Pond and its surrounding woods and pastures; then I saw in a blue haze all the world poured flat and pale between the mountains.

Out of the dimming sky a speck appeared, then another, and another. It was the starlings going to roost. They gathered deep in the distance, flock shifting into flock, and strayed toward me, transparent and whirling, like smoke. They seemed to unravel as they flew, lengthening in curves, like a loosened skein. I didn't move; they flew directly over my head for half an hour. The flight extended like a fluttering banner, a furled or-flare, in either direction as far as I could see. Each bird bobbed and knitted up and down in the flight at apparent random, for no known reason except that that's how starlings fly, yet all remained perfectly spaced. The flocks each tapered at either end from a rounded middle, like an eye. Over my head I heard a sound of beaten air, like a million shook rags, a ruffled whuff. Into the woods they lifted without shifting a twig, right through the crowns of trees, intricate and rushing, like wind. After half an hour the last of the stragglers had vanished into the trees. I stood with difficulty, unscathed, except that of course I couldn't move my neck, and can't today.

Starlings came to this country on a passenger liner from Europe. One hundred were deliberately released in Central Park, and from them descended our countless millions of starlings today. According to Naturalist Teale, "Their coming was the result of one man's fancy. That man was Eugene Schieffelin, a wealthy New York drug manufacturer.

His curious hobby was the introduction into America of all the birds mentioned in William Shakespeare." The birds adapted to their new country splendidly.

When John Cowper Powys lived in the United States, he wrote about chickadees stealing crumbs from his favorite flock of starlings. Around here they're not so popular. People go to great lengths to avoid feeding them. Starlings are early to bed and late to rise, so people sneak out with grain and must before dawn, for early-rising birds, and whisk it away at



the first whiff of a starling. After sunset, when the starlings are safely to roost, they spread out the oat and grain once again. I don't care what eats the stuff.

Some weather's coming; you can taste on the sides of your tongue a quince tang in the air. This fall everyone looked to the hands on the woolly bear and predicted as usual the dread of dire winters. This routine always calls to mind an Alaskan story about the trappers in the far north. They approached an Indian whose ancestors had dwelled from time immemorial in those fir forests and asked him about the severity of the approaching winter. The Indian cast a canny eye over the landscape and pronounced, "Bad winter." The others asked him how he knew. The Indian replied, "White man makes big woodpile." Here the woodpile is an exercise doggedly, exhaustedly maintained despite what must be great

temptation. The other day I saw a store displaying a neatly stacked quarter cord of fireplace logs manufactured of rolled, pressed paper. On the wrapper of each "log" was printed in huge letters the beguiling slogan: THE ROMANCE WITHOUT THE HEARTACHE.

I lay a cherry-log fire and settle in. I'm getting used to this planet and to this curious human culture that is as cheerfully enthusiastic as it is cheerfully cruel. I never cease to marvel at the newspapers. In my life I've seen one million pictures of a duck that has adopted a kitten, or a cat that has adopted a duckling, or a sow and a puppy, a mare and a muskrat, etc. And for the one millionth time I'm fascinated. I wish I lived near them, in Copan Christi or Damariscotta; I wish I had the wonderful pair before me, mooning about the yard. It's all beginning to smack of home. The winter pictures that come in over the wire from every spot

on the continent are getting to be as familiar as my own hearth. I wait for the annual aerial photograph of an enterprising fellow who has stamped in the snow a giant Valentine for his girl. Here's the annual chicken-trying-to-drink-from-a-frozen-birdbath picture, captioned, "Sorry, Wait Till Spring," and the shot of an utterly bundled child crying pitiously on a sled at the top of a snowy hill, labeled, "Noooo! A Push." How can an old world be so innocent?

Finally I see tonight a picture of a friendly member of the forest service in Wisconsin, who is freeing a duck frozen onto the ice by chopping out its feet with a hand ax. It calls to mind the spare, cruel story a novelist, Thomas McGuire, told me about gulls frozen on ice. When his father was young, he used to walk out on a dreary sound that had frozen over, and freeze the gulls to it. Some of the gulls were already dead. He would take a hunk of driftwood and bash the living gulls; then, with a steel knife he hacked them free below the body and rammed them into a burlap sack. The family ate gull soup all winter, close around a lighted table in a steamy room. Out on the sound, the ice was studded with paired, red stumps.

The books I read in winter are like the stone men built by the Eskimos of the great desolate tundra west of Hudson's Bay. They still stand today, according to Farley Mowat. An Eskimo traveling alone in flat barrens would heap round stones to the height of a man, walk till he could no longer see it, and build another. So I travel mute among these books, these eyeless men and women that people the empty plain. I wake up thinking: What am I reading? What will I read next? I'm terrified that I'll run out, that I will read through all I want to and be forced to learn the names of wild flowers at last, to keep awake.

In the meantime I lose myself in a liturgy of names. The names of the men are Knud Rasmussen, Sir John Franklin, Peter Freuchen, Scott, Peary and Byrd, Jedediah Smith, Peter Soren Ogden and Milton Sublette; or Daniel Boone singing on his blanket in the Green River country. The names of waters are Baffin Bay, Repulse Bay, Coronation Gulf and the Ross Sea; the Coppermine River, the Judith, the Snake and the Munsiehell; the Pelly, the Dease, the Tanana and

continued



ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT M. CUNNINGHAM

Talagrap Creek. Beaver pews, zero degrees latitude and gold. I like the clean urgency of these tales, the sense of being set out in a wilderness with a jackknife and a length of twine. If I can get up a pinocchio game, a little three-hand cutthroat for half a penny a point and a bottle of wisk, fine; if not I'll spend these nights caught in the pack of Frantz Josef Land, or casting for Arctic char.

It snowed. It snowed all yesterday and never emptied the sky, although the clouds looked so low and heavy they might drop all at once with a thud. The light is diffuse and featureless, like the light on paper inside a pewter bowl. The snow looks light and the sky dark, but in fact the sky is lighter than the snow. Obviously the thing illuminated can't be lighter than its illuminator. The classical demonstration of this point involves simply laying a mirror flat on the snow so that it reflects in its surface the sky, and comparing by sight this value to that of the snow. This is all very well, even conclusive, but the illusion persists. The dark is overhead and the light at my feet; I'm walking upside-down in the sky.

Yesterday I watched a curious night-fall. The cloud ceiling took on a warm tone, deepened and departed as if drawn on a loach. I could no longer see the fat snow flying against the sky; I could see it only as it fell before dark objects. Objects at a distance—like the dead, ivy-covered walnut I see from the bay window—looked like a black-and-white frontispiece seen through the sheet of white tissue.

It was like dying, this watching the world recede into deeper and deeper blues while the snow piled; silence swelled and extended, distance dissolved, and soon only concentration on the largest shadows let me make out the movement of falling snow, and then too failed. The snow on the yard was blue as ink, faintly lustrous; the sky violet. The bay window betrayed me and started giving me back the room's lamps. It was like dying, that growing dimmer and deeper and then going out.

Today I went out for a look around.



The snow had stopped, and a couple of inches lay on the ground. I walked through the yard to the creek; everything was slate-blue and gunmetal and white, except for the hemlocks and cedars, which showed a hint, seen green if I looked for it under the snow.

Lo and behold, here is Tinker Creek was a silly-looking coot. It looked like a black-and-gray duck, but its head was smaller; its clunky white bill sloped straight from the curve of its skull like a cone from its base. I had read somewhere that coots were sky. They were liable to take umbrage at a footfall, skitter terrified along the water and take to the air. But I wanted a good look. So when the coot tipped tail and dove, I raced toward it across the snow and hid behind a cedar trunk. As it popped up again its neck was as rigid and eyes as blank as a rubber duck's in the bathtub. It paddled downstream, away from me. I waited until it submerged again, then made a break for the trunk of the Ouge orange. But up it came all at once, as though the child in the tub had held the rubber duck under water with both hands and suddenly released it.

I froze stock-still, thinking that after all I really was, actually and at bottom, a tree, a dead one perhaps, even a wobbly one, but a treeish creature nonetheless. The coot wouldn't notice that a tree hadn't grown in that spot the moment before; what did it know? It was new to the area, a rare dude. As tree I allowed myself only the luxury of keeping a wary eye on the coot's eye. Nothing; it didn't

suspect a thing—unless, of course, it was just leading me on, beguiling me into scratching my nose, when the jig would be up and I would be unmasked, untried, with no itch and an empty creek. So.

At its next dive I made the Ouge orange and looked around from its trunk while the coot fed from the pool behind the riffles. From there I ran downstream to the sycamore, getting tired in open ground again—and so forth for 40 minutes, until it gradually began to light in my leafy brain that maybe the coot wasn't shy at all. That this subterfuge was unnecessary, that the bird was

singularly stupid, or at least not of an analytical turn of mind, and that in fact I'd been making a perfect idiot of myself all alone in the snow. So from behind the trunk of a black willow, which was my present blind, I stepped boldly into the open. Nothing. The coot floated just across the creek from me, absolutely serene. Could it possibly be that I'd been flinching all afternoon with a sleep? No, decoys don't dive. I walked back to the sycamore, actually moving in plain sight not 10 yards from the creature, which gave no sign of alarm or flight. I stopped; I raised my arm and waved. Nothing. In its beak hung a long, wet strand of some shore plant; it sucked it at length down its throat and dove again. I'll kill it. I'll hit the thing with a snowball, I really will. I'll make a mad-ben hash.

I didn't make a snowball. I wandered upstream, along smooth banks under trees. I had gotten, after all, a very good look at the coot. Now here were ridiculous tracks in the snow, four-toed and very close together. The wide, slow place in the creek by the road bridge was frozen over. From this bank at this spot in summer I can always see tadpoles, fat-bodied, scraping brown algae from a sort of shallow underwater ledge. Now I couldn't see the ledge under the ice. Most of the tadpoles were frogs, and the frogs were buried alive in the mud at the bottom of the creek. They went to all that trouble to get out of the water and breathe air, only to hop back in before the first killing frost. The frogs of Tin-

continued



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King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine.

Extra Long: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report (Aug. '93)

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Ford Torino. A great value in the mid-size field.

We say it. You can prove it.

You don't have to sacrifice six-passenger comfort for good operating economy. Look at the mid-size Ford Torino carefully, compare its value to other mid-size cars.

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To begin with, there's a full width bench seat in hand-some cloth or optional vinyl upholstery, color-keyed carpeting and careful attention to detail inside every Torino.

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Look at Torino's 6-passenger room and comfort. There's plenty of head, hip and leg room, but there's also Torino's super comfort-

able seat construction and the feeling of confidence you get from a solid well-built car.

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Be sure you're getting a smooth steady quiet ride. This mid-size is known for its smooth ride on its advanced suspension system and for its wide tread for easy handling. And, of course, it's quiet because it's a Ford.

Some timely considerations for today's driving.

There's more than one way to look at how much it costs to run a car today. Look at the richly appointed Gran Torino Brougham that runs on regular gas, has a 26½ gallon gas tank, steel-belted radial ply tires for thousands of extra miles over non-radials, front

disc brakes—all standard with starting prices on base models actually less than some small foreign cars. You'll see that Torino is a good value in every way.

Ford and your Ford Dealer not only tell you to compare, they'll show you how, and also how to get even more out of the mid-size Torino. Pick up your free copy of The Closer You Look Fuel Economy Book with timely tips on how to get more mileage out of today's driving.

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1974 Ford Gran Torino Brougham shown with optional bumper group and convenience group.

FORD TORINO

FORD DIVISION



ker Creek are slathered in mud, mud at their eyes and mud at their nostrils; their damp skins absorb a muddy oxygen, and so they pass the dreary winter.

Also from this bank at this spot in summer I can often see turtles by crouching low to catch the triangular poke of their heads out of water. New snow smothered the ice; if it stays cold, I thought, and the neighborhood kids get busy with brooms, they can skate. Meanwhile, a turtle in the creek under the ice is getting oxygen by an almost incredible arrangement. It sucks water posteriorly into its cloacal opening, where sensitive tissues filter the oxygen directly into the blood, as a gill does. Then the turtle discharges the water and gives another suck. The neighborhood kids can skate right over this curious rush of small waters.

Under the ice the bluegills and carp are still alive. Everything else is dead, killed by the cold, or mostly alive in any of various still forms: egg, seed, pupa, spore. Water snakes are hibernating in dense burls, water striders hibernate as adults under the bank, and mourning cloak butterflies sear themselves in the bark of trees: all of these emerge grudgingly during winter thaws, to slink, skitter and flit about in one afternoon's sunshine, and then at dusk to seek shelter, chill, fold and forget.

The muskrats are out; they can feed under the ice, where the silver trail of bubbles that rises from their fur catches and freezes in gleaming, glittering globes. What else? The birds, of course, are fine. Cold is no problem for warm-blooded animals, so long as they have food for fuel. Birds migrate for food, I think, not for warmth as such. That is why, when so many people across the country started feeding stations. Southern birds like the mockingbird easily extended their ranges north. Some of our local birds go South, like the robin; other birds, like the crow, consider *also* South. Mountain birds come down to the valley in a vertical migration; some of them, like the chickadees, eat not only seeds but waxy tiny fare as

aphid eggs hidden near winter buds and the ends of twigs. This afternoon not far from the creek I watched a chickadee swooping and dangling high in a tulip tree. It seemed astonishingly heated and congealed, as though a giant pair of hands had scooped a skyful of molecules and squeezed it like a snowball to produce this fireball, this feeding, flying, warm solid bit.

Other interesting things are going on wherever there is shelter. The bumblebees and paper wasps are dead except the queens, who sleep a fat, numbed sleep, unless a mouse finds one and cuts her alive. Ladybugs hibernate under shelter in huge orange clusters sometimes the size of basketballs. Out West people burn for these overwintering masses in the mountains. They take them down to warehouses in the valleys, which pay handsomely. Then the mail-order houses ship them to people who want them to eat garden aphids. They are mailed in the cool of night in boxes of old pine cones. It's a clever device: how do you pack a hundred living ladybugs? The insects naturally crawl into the depths of the pine cones; the woody "branches" of the opened cones protect them through the bumpings of transit.

I crossed the bridge and came to a favorite spot. It is the uple of land enclosed in the oxbow of Tinker Creek. A few years ago I called these acres the weed field; they grew mostly succulents, ivy and peke. Now I call them the woods by the creek; young tulip grows there, and locust and oak. The snow on the wide path through the woods was unbroken. I stood in a little clearing beside the dry ditch that the creek cuts, bisecting the land in high water. Here I ate a late lunch of ham sandwiches and wished I'd brought water and left more fat on the ham.

There was something new in the woods today—a bunch of sodden, hand-lettered signs tied to the trees all along the winding path. They said *snow, slippery when wet, stop, no row, east, and home!* These signs indicated an awful lot of excitement over a little snow. When I saw the first one, *snow*, I thought, sure, I'll go slow; I won't screech around on the unbroken path in the woods by the creek. What was going on here? The other signs made it clear. Under *snow!* lay, sure enough, a bump. I scraped away the smooth snow. Hand-fashioned of red clay, and now frozen, the bump was about six inches high and 18 inches

across. The slope, such as it was, was gentle; tread marks stitched the clay. On the way out I saw that I'd missed the key sign, which had fallen: *WELCOME TO THE MARTINVILLE SPEEDWAY*. So my "woods by the creek" was a motorbike trail to the local boys, their "Martinsville Speedway." I had always wondered why they bothered to take a tractor-mower to these woods all summer long, keeping the many paths open; it was a great convenience to me.

Now the speedway was a stillnessway. Next to me in a sapling, a bird's nest cradled aloft a newborn burden of snow. From a crab-apple tree hung a single frozen apple with blistered and shiny skin; it was heavy and hard as a stone. Everywhere through the trees I saw the creek run blue under the lodge of ice from the banks; the stream made a thin, me-



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Footfalls

tatic sound like foil beating foil.

When I left the woods I stepped into a yellow light. The sun behind a uniform layer of gray had the diffuse shine of a very much rubbed and burnished metal bowl. On the mountains the sun light slanted over the snow and gouged out shallow depressions and intricacies in the mountain sides I never knew were there I walked home. No school today. The motorcycle boys were nowhere in sight; they were probably dithering on sleds down the very steep hill and out onto the road.

Here my neighbor's small children were rolling a snowman. The noon sun had dampened the snow, it caught in slabs, leaving green, irregular tracks on the yard. I just now discovered the most extraordinary essay, a treatise on making a snowman. "... By all means use what is ready to hand. In a full-ell burning area, for instance, it is inconceivable that fathers should sacrifice their days

This is an excerpt from "Pigeons at Tinker Creek" which Harper's Magazine Press will publish in the middle of March

hunting down snow for lumps of coal for their children's snowman's eyes. Charcoal briquettes from the barbecue are an unsuitable substitute, and fuel oil itself is of course out of the question. Use pieces of rock, brick or dark sticks; use bits of tire tread or even dark fallen leaves rolled tightly, coursewise, and deeply oriented into sockets formed by a finger." Why, why in the blue-green world wear this sort of thing? Fanny written culture, I guess; we pay things on.

There are seven or eight categories of phenomena in the world that are worth talking about, and one of them is the weather. Any time you care to get in your car and drive across the country and over the mountains, come into our valley, cross Tinker Creek, drive up the road to the house, walk across the yard, knock on the door and ask to come in and talk about the weather, you'd be welcome. If you came tonight from up north, you'd have a terrific tail wind; between Tinker and Dead Man mountains you'd chafe through the orchard pass like an ice-bomb. When I let you in, we might not be able to close the door. The wind streaks and hives down the valley, swanzel and

ward, drying the puddles and dismantling the snow from the trees.

Inside the house, my single goldfish, Ellery, Channing, whips around and around the sides of his bowl. Can he feel a glassy vibration, a ripple out of the north that urges him to swim for deeper, warmer waters? Saint-Esprit says that when flocks of wild geese migrate high over a barnyard, the crows and even the dirt, fanned chickens fling themselves a foot or so into the air and flap for the South. I know wild dogs feed throughout the summer on famished salmon flying to them from creeks. I have often wondered if those dogs feel a wild downhill drift in the fall, or an unsustained yank, a nudge to leap ladders, in the spring. To what had do you hark, Ellery? what sunny bottom under chilt waters, what Chinese emperor's petted pond? Even the spiders are restless under this wind, moving about alert-eyed over their fluff in every corner. I always allow the spiders the run of the house. I figure that any predator that hopes to make a living on whatever sturdier creatures might blunder into a four-inch square bit of space in the corner of the bathroom where the tub meets the floor needs every bit of my support.

In a dry wind like this, snow and ice cut precisely into the air as gases without having first melted to water. This process is called sublimation; tonight the snow is in the yard and the ice is the creek, sublimant. A breeze buffets my palm held a foot from the wall. A word like this does not breathe to me; it considers something quick and kicking in my lungs. Play, believed the stures of the Portuguese used to raise their tails to the wind "and turn them tail against it, and so someone that general an animal of animal soul; in such sort, as they become great withal, and quicken in their time, and being forth feels as well as the wind, but they live not above three years." Does, hich, the white mare in the dell in the woods up the road, turn tail to this wind with white-lashed, bidded eyes? A single cell quivers at a windy embrace; it swells and splits, it bubbles into a raspberry; a dark clot starts to throb. Soon something perfect is born. Something wholly new rides the wind, something fleet and flexing I'm likely to miss.

To shelter, startlings and coot; bow to the wind. To sleep, spiders and fish; the wind won't stop, but the horse will hold.

END

Ford LTD: A well-made car can give you surprising gas mileage.



Independent test results reveal 18.8 mpg average.

Professional Driver #1.....	20.3
Professional Driver #2.....	17.4
Homemade #1.....	20.2
Homemade #2.....	16.3
Hugh Downs.....	19.7

On December 28, 1973, five production line Ford LTD 4-door pillared hardtops equipped with 351 CID V-8 engines were driven from Phoenix to Los Angeles. The Fords were driven by three non-professional and two professional drivers at speeds not exceeding 50 mph.

The five-car gas mileage average: 18.8 mpg. One experienced economy driver averaged 20.3 mpg, and a homewife from Scottsdale, Arizona, averaged 16.3 mpg.

Of course, mileage depends on maintenance, driving habits, total weight, road and driving conditions... and you may not get the same results.

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seats, passenger seat recliner, 25 oz. cut-pile carpeting, carpeted luggage compartment and more—speak for themselves... beautifully. The point is, you don't need a bigger car outside to have the comfort inside.



The six-passenger car—still in tune with the times. Ford thinks a lot of people need and want a solid, well-made car that can carry six people comfortably. Also, in three times, it's good to know that the Ford LTD uses regular gas. And comes equipped with standard steel-belted radial ply tires—they deliver thousands of extra miles over non-radials. Driven sensibly, the Ford LTD offers real economy and convenience on today's roads. You can pay more for six-passenger luxury. But look close, and you'll see that there isn't much more luxury to be had at any price, than we offer in the Quiet Ford LTD.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 20-27

PRO FOOTBALL **NEW YORK**—The New York Jets (10-4) defeated the New York Giants (10-4) 14-10 in a game that was a rematch of last year's Super Bowl. The Jets won the game 14-10 in a game that was a rematch of last year's Super Bowl. The Jets won the game 14-10 in a game that was a rematch of last year's Super Bowl.

BASEBALL **NEW YORK**—The New York Yankees (10-4) defeated the New York Mets (10-4) 14-10 in a game that was a rematch of last year's World Series. The Yankees won the game 14-10 in a game that was a rematch of last year's World Series.

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GOLF **DEBBY NICHOLS**—The Debbi Nichols (10-4) defeated the Debbi Nichols (10-4) 14-10 in a game that was a rematch of last year's PGA Tour. The Nichols won the game 14-10 in a game that was a rematch of last year's PGA Tour.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



MARK ANDERSON, a freshman at Elmira (N.Y.) College, made his school's intercollegiate basketball team by averaging 14.1 points a game in the opening games. He is one of one of the Eastern College Athletic Association's best players.



CHARLES DWYER, 42, college coach and athletic director at Cleveland Hall High in Buffalo, was named to the 1971-72 Eastern College Athletic Association's best coach.



KATHIE WEAVER, a senior at Miami (Fla.) University, received the Harrison Award as the outstanding collegiate women's basketball player in 1971-72.



BILL CARTWRIGHT, a first round center on the 1971-72 All-American team, won a Sacramento Kings award with 62 points against Sacramento in the 1971-72 All-American game.



DENISE BURROUGHS, a senior at Miami High in Tallahassee, Fla., became the 1971-72 All-American player in the history of Lady's & Gent's basketball.



BOBBY KIEFER, 6, of Seattle, climbed to the top of the 1971-72 All-American game in the history of Lady's & Gent's basketball.

CRUISE			
20-21	22-23	24-25	26-27
28-29	30-31	32-33	34-35
36-37	38-39	40-41	42-43



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NOT SUPER ENOUGH?

Sin:

Tex Maule's rendition of Super Bowl VIII (*Oh War: the Day of the Dolphins*, Jan. 21) as another boring affair with these automations is as good as the Miami Dolphins at center stage reflects meaningfully on the pro game today. This latest and least entertaining of a series of generally tedious Super Sundays should give Pete Rerolle and the magnates of pay football good cause for reexamining the current condition of their oversupplied and oversaturated sport (or is business a better word?).

The Dolphins are an excellent team. But unfortunately they also epitomize the extreme conservatism and predictability that are killing NFL football as a spectator sport. Super Bowl VIII was not played, it was executed, and unless reforms occur soon, the NFL will be executed by its own hand.

DAVID B. MURPHY

Albany, N.Y.

Sin:

Congratulations to Tex Maule on his relatively unbiased report on this year's Super Bowl, eh, Bowl. Miami is one awesome, incredible machine. As a Viking devotee, I could only hope that Minnesota would reverse its 1970 form in this so-called classic and that Miami would conduct itself on the field as 40 human beings rather than as a squad of robots. So much for a dream.

DAN CULLEN

Swansea, Mass.

Sin:

Now that Super Bowl VIII is over and the Dolphins have won two in a row, people are starting to compare them with the old Green Bay Packers. To determine which team should be called the best why not play a game by computer, as they did an Ali vs. Marciano fight?

STEVEN EDWARDS

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Sin:

Your article on football predicting (*Do-It-It by the Numbers*, Jan. 14) was excellent, but it also proved that not even the biggest or smartest computer in the world could predict the outcome of a game being played by two great football teams in pressure competition. As I figure it, Bud Goode's computer was off by eight.

WAYNE KENNEDY

Refuge Meadows, Ill.

EMPTY CUP

Sin:

Joe Jares' story *The Run-Run in Reagan* (Jan. 21) about the defeat of the U.S. Davis

Cup team by Colombia was simply a report on a case of the better team winning. Whether the Dennis Haleson-coached trio of Charlie Pasarell, Harold Solomonson and Erik van Dillen and, yes, even Ralston himself, took the South Americans lightly or not, the result was a clear-cut verdict.

This was the most lackluster squad to represent the U.S. in cup play for many years. It is a shame that Stan Smith, Arthur Ashe and Jimmy Connors were not available. It behooves the powers that be to take immediate steps to assure the inclusion of Smith, Ashe and Connors on the 1975 squad. After all, the Australians have their best men going for them with Rod Laver, John Newcombe, Ken Rosewall, et al., and they are a tough bunch to beat.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sin:

That was a great bit of strategy, sending a third-string team to play the Davis Cup in Colombia. Well, now we can save our eyes until 1975.

JOHN E. HERRICK

Pittsburgh

HENRY VS. BOBIE

Sin:

Congratulations to William Lombardy and Steven Illustriated for the fine article on Bobby Fischer (*A Mystery Wrapped in a Solution*, Jan. 21). Fischer deserves attention for his fantastic series against Boris Spassky. Being able to come from down two to win it all is the mark of a true pro. The article brought out the extraordinary events that surrounded that match. In my opinion, it gave the reader a fantastic look inside the sport of chess, American style.

DAN WEARTHELLER

Lafayette, Ind.

Sin:

My only reaction to the article about Bobby Fischer was that, somewhere along the line, he should have been soundly spanked. His conduct made me ashamed to be an American.

ANDREW A. JARVIS JR.

Stirling Heights, Mich.

WRECKLOOMS

Sin:

In reference to Dan Jenkins' article *Wrecked by Mr. Neri* (Jan. 14), I must say that it is going to take a lot of doing for anyone to match the accomplishments of Jack Nicklaus. Mr. Jenkins refers to Larry Wadkins, Ben Crenshaw, Johnny Miller and Tom Weiskopf as Nicklaus' heirs. I find that hard to swallow, because none of these men are

as accomplished as Nicklaus was when he was their age. Nicklaus dominated the amateur ranks and then shocked the world of professional golf by beating the magnificence Arnold Palmer in the memorable U.S. Open at Oakmont. Following that achievement he has gone on to win 13 more major championships.

Granted, Crenshaw and Wadkins are young, but Miller is no rookie and certainly Weiskopf, at 31, has been around. Jack Nicklaus is only 34, and he has a long, long way to go.

PAT MCCLOSKEY

Pittsburgh

GOLF AT PAU

Sin:

Whitney Tower's article on steepclimbing at Pau (*Jepard: John for Jumping Jacques*, Jan. 14) is certainly interesting, but it seems strange that he failed to mention that Pau has the oldest golf course on the Continent. The following is from *A History of Golf* by Robert Browning, the distinguished British golf authority:

"The story of golf on the Continent of Europe begins in romantic fashion with the Peninsular War. It is said that after Wellington's victory at Orthez in 1814, two officers of Scottish regiments who were billeted at Pau . . . played a rough and ready game on two on the plain of Billere. They were so taken with the attractions of Pau that twenty years later they both returned on holiday to Pau and again brought their clubs for a round or two of golf. It was not until 1836, however, that the Pau Golf Club came into being with a nine-hole course and a clubhouse in a room in a wayside inn. The names of three officers of field rank figure along with that of the Duke of Hamilton in the list of five founders. . . ."

JOHN W. CASEY

Tryon, N.C.

SPRINTER WILLIAMS

Sin:

I read with interest and enthusiasm your article on Steve Williams (*A Low Start, an Early Finish*, Jan. 21). When Steve was a youngster of 15 just becoming interested in track, it was noted by his coach that his unusually long stride practically caused him to fall off the highly banked gentleman track. As a result, he did most of his practicing in the school's hallway.

Because he was so lanky and thin, he was not used in the 100-yard dash until his last meet as a senior, and it was at that meet that his unusual speed at the 70-yard mark was noticed.

Steve Williams was and continues to be a wonderfully warm youngster, full of love

continued

and affection for his high school—and its track coach. I know all of this because I was his coach.

DAVE MARSHALL
Chairman
Health Education Department
Essex Childs High School
Beverly, N.Y.

HEY RETURN

Sir: Congratulations to Peter Curry on his fine article on Julian Erving and the New York Nets (*Big Jule Is Doing North-Norths*, Jan. 14). I became a Net fan three years ago, and I am glad I did. They have the best starting five in the league. I am also happy to see Dr. J. displaying his fantastic skills for the Nets instead of against them, as he did when he was with Virginia. As long as Jule keeps doing nicely-nicely, the Nets will have nothing to worry about.

BOBBY STALLONE

Smithfield, Va.

Sir:

You built me up just to let me down. After gazing at your splendid cover photograph of the incredible Dr. J., I expected more of

the same inside. Alas, nothing. Since Julian Erving is the most exciting basketball player in the world, we are entitled to more action-packed pictures of him.

EDWARD P. MIRONAN

Arcadia, Calif.

Sir:

It figures. Dr. J. moved from Virginia to New York and you all write a cover story about him.

PAUL R. SCOTT

Blacksburg, Va.

SAME OLD GAMES?

Sir:

I just finished reading your article on Stewart Brand (*Search for Brand New Earth Games*, Jan. 7). His tug-of-war with a twist, top dog and bunker buster are identical to "games" I played in Marine boot camp in 1956. Also, aikido appears to be a variation of the training we received as part of our initiation into hand-to-hand combat.

I noted with interest that Mr. Brand is 34, my age. Is it possible that armed service training of some years ago is now being sold to a new generation that does not face compulsory military service? I note the same phe-

nomemon in the apparent willingness of persons not many years younger than I to pay for activities such as "survival schools." Perhaps we Marines had a good deal and just didn't know it.

RAY HENDRICKS

Tucker, Ga.

TYTEN HOGGY

Sir:

I was very pleased to find an article about the visiting U.S.S.R. hockey team (*Feasting on the Leflovrans*, Jan. 14), but there must be some mistake. How is it possible that the Seattle Totems' stunning 8-4 upset of the Russians received only a passing mention?

It is not my intention to make the Russians seem anything less than the powerful hockey team that they are; I saw their series against Team Canada, and their performance here last year when they defeated the Totems 9-4. But despite any money you may make for them—"weary and overconfident" or whatever—they played well and were clearly beaten by a convincing four-point margin in the finest hockey game I've seen in years. On that night the Totems would have beaten anyone. They would not let the Russians establish the awesome passing at-

—continued

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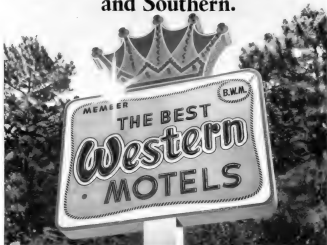
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task that defeated every other team they faced. At the same time, the Totems' offense kept constant pressure on and put great goals past one of the world's best goalies, Vladimir Tarasov. Don Westbrooke scored 2 hat tricks and Goals Bruce Bullock and Dan Brady, who each played 30 minutes, were brilliant. If you require further proof, consider the Totems' 6-4 Christmas night victory over Czechoslovakia's Dukla Jihlava, the only team to play well consistently against the Russians.

I am sure that if the Totems and Russians played a series of games, the Russians would dominate, but the fact remains that on Jan. 5 the Seattle Totems were victorious and deserve more than the mention that Mark Meloy gave them.

JIM BILSON'S

Seattle

DERRICK VS. BEP

Sir:

I feel compelled to write you about your article on Derek Sanderson (*The Star's Star Drive*, Jan. . . . Jan. 7), having just finished watching the Jan. 4 Boston-New York televised game. As you will recall, the Turk got a goal and two assists in this game. I saw no

flash in his play. He played tough, hard hockey. Since all of his better plays came in the second and third periods, it leads me to conclude he is not as out of condition as Coach Bep Gaudin would have us believe. I consider Gaudin's remarks about Sanderson unfair. He said, "Derek wants to play hockey again, they say. I haven't seen it. I haven't seen anything on the ice." What he saw in this game was Sanderson scoring, checking, penalty killing and hustling down to the last minute.

I will agree that Sanderson is flaky. He is outrageous, unconventional and arrogant. He is also a fine forechecker and penalty killer, and he can win a faceoff from anybody. It happens to consider him good for hockey. He is an individual in a league of stereotyped team players. The publicity he has brought the NHL (and the WHA, for that matter) is immeasurable. Still, your article was very educational. I never knew about the obstacle Derek had to overcome.

JACK BURNARD

Alexandria, Va.

Sir:

Anyone who would jump to the WHA, quit, then sign again with his former club in

the NHL, and who, as Bruce Galt Bep Gaudin says, "never played any harder than he had to," can't be much. When Sanderson says, "There's only about 30 guys [in the WHA] who could play in the NHL," you can bet he was not one of those 30. I had no idea Boston was so desperate for a hockey player.

MARK G. MILLER

Woodbridge, Ill.

Sir:

Having lived in Cleveland and having watched minor league hockey, I should know what it looks like. The WHA is not minor league. There are some surprisingly strong teams. In fact, the stronger WHA teams could beat the lesser NHL teams.

JAMES MILLER

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir:

Put Jordan's story on Derek Sanderson and Bep-Gaudin was interesting, but I take issue with the comment that Derek is only one of the three best centers in the NHL. Next to Orr, Derek is the best all-round player in hockey.

I do not condone his penitent attitude or

continued

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TENTH MILE continued

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WALLACE A. MACLENNAN
Sterling Junction, Mass.

BEYOND RACE

Sirs:

I find it necessary to voice my dissatisfaction with the comments of Leonard L. Copeland (Jan. 14). Although I agree with some of his facts—essentially that the black man has registered greater achievements in modern boxing than the white man—this is partly due to the fact that a number of athletes whites overlook boxing to compete in other sports, just as blacks overlook swimming and hockey. This is not to say that the results would have been different over the past 35 years; it is just food for thought.

Comments such as "any good black man can beat any good white man" are racist, and if printed in the reverse, they would touch off much controversy. I do not think there is room in SI for racism—black or white.

EDWARD J. KELLY

Rosindale, Mass.

Sirs:

Some of Mr. Copeland's statements are too ridiculous even to merit refutation by the facts, such as the example of what Jack Dempsey did to Jess Willard, or what Rocky Marciano did to 49 straight opponents of both races. Nonetheless, when you cut through the prejudice, Mr. Copeland's basic facts are correct—there have been more black champs. The reason? There have been more black fighters.

Boxing has always been a poor man's sport in America, a tool for young men to fight their way out of the ghetto. Because of the racial composition of American slums, most of these off-the-street fighters are black. If most of the fighters are black, it stands to reason that most of the champions will be, too. And there is the matter of incentives. For these fighters it is either win or go back to the ghetto. One tends to fight harder when one is fighting to eat.

So though Mr. Copeland's facts are correct, his interpretation of those facts and his entire way of thinking need a lot of adjustment. Perhaps he would find it easier to understand if he stopped looking at these men as "blackie" and "whitey" and started appreciating them for what they all are—champions.

MICHAEL L. GAYNES

Highland Park, Ill.

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